

Florida

Florida Boating Adventure

Crappies At Night

Fishing • Hunting
• Conservation •

WILDLIFE

MARCH, 1962

The Florida Magazine for all Sportsmen

25 CENT





FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S FISHING CITATION

is available without charge, to any and all subscribers to Florida Wildlife Magazine, and their immediate families, who catch any of the fresh-water game fish of the prescribed species and size requirements. Citation, showing recorded date of the catch, will be mailed to the applicant upon receipt of the following application form that has been properly filled out and signed.

APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDLIFE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, FLORIDA WILDLIFE _____ Date _____
Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

Please send me the Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation with the inscribed data listed below:

Name (please print) _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

Species _____ Weight _____ Length _____

Type of Tackle _____

Bait or Lure Used _____

Where Caught _____ in _____ County

Date Caught _____ Catch Witnessed By _____

Registered, Weighed By _____ At _____

(Signature of Applicant)

ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS SPECIES

LARGEMOUTH BASS

_____ 8 pounds or larger

CHAIN PICKEREL

_____ 4 pounds or larger

BLUEGILL (BREAM)

_____ 1 1/2 pounds or larger

SHELLCRACKER

_____ 2 pounds or larger

BLACK CRAPPIE

_____ 2 pounds or larger

RED BREAST

_____ 1 pound or larger

All fish must be taken from the fresh waters of the state of Florida, as defined by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Fish must be caught on conventional fishing tackle, with artificial or live bait, in the presence of at least one witness.

The catch must be weighed and recorded at a fishing camp or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

CUT OUT AND SAVE THIS APPLICATION BLANK

Published monthly by the
FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION
Tallahassee, Florida

Dedicated to the
Conservation, Restoration, and Protection of Our Game and Fish

BILL HANSEN, Editor

WALLACE HUGHES, Art Director

C. L. SATTERFIELD, Circulation

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Ocala, Florida

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Chief, Communications Division
Federal Communications Bldg.
New Smyrna Beach

Northwest Region
M. H. WHISENHUNT, Regional Manager
226 Airport Drive
Box 576—Phone SU 5-5352
Panama City, Florida

Northeast Region
CHARLES CLYMORE, Regional Manager
Box 908, Phone 752-0353
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Central Region
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629-2802
Ocala, Florida

Southern Region
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Clubs and Conservation

Florida Forest Hazard

PROLONGED DROUGHT conditions in south Florida have led to a new forest hazard. The villain, according to Florida Forestry Reporter, is the round-headed borer, larval stage of the long-horned beetle.

Thousands of trees growing on usually wet sites are nearly starved to death by lack of water and offer little resistance to the borer's attack. According to the Reporter, those trees which have grown on slightly higher ground and have developed deeper root systems are able to stand up under the attacks in much better shape.

Even though the borer's victim is salvaged before it is killed, the wood is downgraded. A mid-winter aerial survey checked the conditions. Those counties threatened by the outbreak were listed as Lee, Hendry, Glades, Charlotte and Collier.

Conservation Awards

Mrs. Virginia Williamson Forrest of Stuart has been named Florida conservationist of the year for her work in behalf of the bald eagle.

Dwindling numbers of the national bird within the continental limits of the United States have led to a concerted conservation effort on the part of numerous groups. One of the largest concentrations of the eagles is in Florida and Mrs. Forrest has worked for several years as a leader in the "save-the-eagle" effort. Through the efforts of her and her associates, studies have been made by the Audubon Society and government agencies.

The state governor's award for service was made at a banquet in Tallahassee in Florida. It is the fifth year of the "governor's award program," which is intended to recognize leaders in the conservation field all over the state. Administered by the Florida Wildlife Federation, the program is financed by the Sears & Roebuck Foundation and several other states have inaugurated sim-

ilar activities patterned after Florida's.

Dr. H. R. Wilber retired this year as chairman of the awards committee, having served as its head since its first organization. He was presented with a diamond lapel button in recognition of his service. Herb Alley of Tavernier is the current president of the Florida Wildlife Federation.

In selection of this year's slate of award winners there was one tie with duplicate awards going to two nominees in the junior conservationist of the year classification. They are John William Lockhart of St. Augustine and Murdock Leroy Gillis of Ponce DeLeon in Holmes County. It was the first tie in the history of the selection committee. In case of a tie vote by the committee membership, the chairman customarily casts the deciding vote but this time Chairman Wilber declined to break the tie.

The outdoor writer of the year is Bill Blodgett of the Tampa Times. Gene Gallant of Ocala was the winner in the state adult guidance division. The Baldwin Future Farmers of America chapter was the state winner in club public relations. Their advisor is R. E. Jones of Baldwin.

In soil conservation, W. E. Berquest of Sarasota was named the state winner. Regional winners were V. E. Whitehurst, Jr., of Williston, Ralph Carter of Chipley, W. E. Owens of Indiantown and T. Noble Brown of Webster.

A. D. McCall of Milton was the winner in forestry and regional winners were Bill R. Oeslager of Tampa, Elwood E. Geiger of Jack-

sonville, Chesley Perry of Ft. Myers and Joe Carrol of Apopka.

Wayne Meade of Palmetto received the state award for salt water conservation. Regional award winners were Fred Morrow, Jr., Jacksonville; Dr. Winston Menzel of the Oceanographic Institute, Florida State University; Frank Eggleston of Miami and Felix Salvador of St. Augustine.

Ralph Tompkins of Tampa's WEDU Television was state winner in the conservation education classification. Regional winners were James B. Estes of Bronson, George Stone of Walnut Hill, Mrs. Raymond Wheeler of West Palm Beach and William Ketchersid of St. Cloud.

In the field of game and fresh water fish conservation, Ken Friedman of Jacksonville received the state award. Regional awards went to F. R. Berquist in the first region, Paul Kreager of St. Marks, Richard M. Stanley, Collier County judge and Tommy Needham of Ocala.

Winners received gold lapel buttons and cash awards.

Ask For Refuge Fee

A 2-dollar annual admittance pass to National Wildlife Refuges has been proposed by the National Audubon Society, according to its president, Carl W. Buchheister.

The primary purpose of the suggestion is to provide the refuge program with additional needed funds and the money received would supplement the present duck stamp funds which are used to purchase needed wetlands.

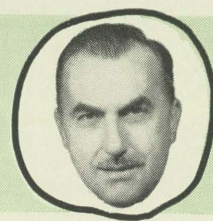
However, there are other connotations to the proposal. As Buchheister says:

"This kind of fee system can be a useful tool in preventing too much public use of a refuge when too
(Continued on page 37)

THE COVER —The Wood Duck is one of the most beautiful of Florida's native wild birds. The cover painting shows the female at natural nest entrance in a large tree; the male watches from a nearby limb. It may take mother nature fifty or more years to form a natural nesting site, but individuals interested in wildlife can help with Woodie's housing problems, as shown on pages 20 and 21.

From A Painting By Wallace Hughes

WILDLIFE BALANCE WHEEL



BY
DENVER
STE. CLAIRE

AN IMPORTANT DATE this month is the 1962 National Convention of the American Camping Association, March 6-10, 1962. Headquarters for the convention will be the Statler-Hilton Hotel, New York. The Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission is an affiliate member of the National through its Florida section. From the preview of the program it looks like it will be the best yet.

Abraham Ribicoff, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare has been invited. Dr. Milton I. Levine, Associate Professor of Pediatrics, Cornell Medical College will speak on "The Camp as a Potent Factor in Child Guidance and Emotional Growth." An address by Dr. Charles Boehm will be titled "Camping Is the Perspective of Education." Dr. Boehm is Superintendent of Public Instruction, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

In addition to these speakers, Dr. Alexander Reid Martin will present "The Potentialities of the Child's Camping Experience," and Mr. Howard Gibbs, Director of Program, Boys' Clubs of America has been asked to present a paper on "The Search for What Is Important in Camping."

The program includes many other speakers discussing subjects of vital interest to all of us in the Camping World.

Something New

Camp applications this year will differ from those used in other years. We are now preparing a new brochure which will include a tear sheet application. The brochure will be a four-fold type with a perforated application sheet that may be filled in by the parent and sent to us.

A current information flyer will be sent along with the brochure, explaining camping fees, time

schedule for bus and trains, and other pertinent information. The brochure should be available this month—March.

Central Florida, 1962 Summer Camp Schedule has been released and is as follows:

Boys One Week—June 17-23;
Boys Two Weeks—June 24-July 7;
Boys Two Weeks—July 8-July 21;
Girls Two Weeks—July 22-August 4

Conservation in Camping Workshop

Tentative dates for this Workshop have been set for June 7-9, 1962 at the Youth Conservation Camp. Details are in the planning process and more information will be available next month. Last year was our first in this effort.

Camp Counselors Training Workshop

Our regular pre-camp training period for our staff will be held this year June 10-16, 1962. Our training program prepares our counselors and specialists in all phases of the camp operation. It is also a time when the staff learns working together as a team, and become better acquainted with the concepts of the program. The Camp Director has an opportunity, too, to learn more about his aides. The more preparation that can be obtained during the week, the better understanding can be given our youthful charges.

State Board of Adult Advisers

At the last meeting of the State Board of Adult Advisers for the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission's Junior Conservation Program, the following business was discussed and approved. (It was

later accepted by the State League Board of Directors in toto.)

Rank and Insignia: A member should wear highest rank only. Local insignia will match Ranger patch in size, shape, and color. A state insignia will be worn on each sleeve. Local patch will be worn under the state patch on the right sleeve. State patches will be supplied by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.

In order to attain the rank of Ranger, a member must have learned the Conservation Pledge; must have all dues paid; must have a uniform; must start a conservation library—(F-1 in project book); must have a conservation scrapbook—(F-2); must work on one club project, and must pass a test prepared by the adviser. No points are needed for this rank and upon completion of the necessary work, the member receives 5,000 points. Other ranks remain as before, except the Junior Wildlife Officer — 90,000 points.

Point System: Points will be awarded in the following manner; Self improvement projects—1,000 possible; local club projects 1,000 possible; state projects—5,000 possible; leadership: committee work—100 possible; Committee chairman—500 possible; and officers 2,400 possible. Point system book now in use will be used only as a guide for setting up projects.

It was suggested that club officers should be selected from members having attained the rank of Ranger and 15,000 points; state officers from those having at least a Forester ranking. All rankholders get certificate of highest rank. Monthly point tabulations repealed. Board of Advisers selects yearly award winners. Certificate of request for ranks

(Continued on page 36)

NEXT MONTH
The Annual Spring
Fishing Issue

FISHING



BY
CHARLES
WATERMAN

IF YOU WOULD PAY more attention to the ways in which fish strike, you'd have much better alibis when you miss them—really technical, official-sounding alibis like mine.

Take a bass for example. He has several distinct ways of taking nourishment.

Loudest and most storied of the bass strikes is the one in which he comes fast after a surface bait, is partly out of the water for the last few inches—or maybe a couple of feet—and brings his open mouth down on his quarry with a loud plop. The plop combined with the splash is what causes men to fish while their families starve. I like to call it the falling horse strike.

Then, there's the one where he comes up to it and actually sucks it under or bites it gently—quiet as a burglar in a bedroom. Impossible to tell how big he is.

Then, the one where he sneaks up close and just opens his mouth and grabs. Sounds like a big cork coming out of a bottle. You hear that one a lot when fishing small surface stuff like spinning plugs and flyrod bugs. Snook do that a lot, too. So do salt water trout.

Also, there's the indirect approach in which he cuts a circle around the bait, leaving a big swirl before he takes—and maybe he won't take at all. That's a fooler but we all try to judge fish by the size of the swirl. Of course, if he bends 'er hard and makes a sharp turn it's a small swirl. If he swings wide, the swirl is big, especially if he goes fast.

A common strike when fish are lying under some kind of cover is the home-run in which he comes out, passes the bait, turns around and takes it in on the way back to his pad. This can happen pretty quickly and I have often felt the fish hung on to a bonnet with one

fin and just leaned out for it. It makes a swirl too. Some species of fish habitually turn before taking. I have noticed many jack crevalle go around and whack it on the way back, even when they had no particular spot to return to. Makes a very hard strike, whether noisy or not.

Of course, a gentle strike is likely to be from the rear, simply pushing your bait toward you rather than jerking your line.

When he takes it from the rear and keeps coming on, you suddenly discover you have several large hands, none of which are much help.

Of course, the exact opposite is experienced when he is going full bore away from you and plasters it without slowing down. It's worse if you're reeling fast. Even a runty bass can shake your teeth that way. I recall one occasion when I had such a strike, and before I could get organized the fish had dived down into submerged vegetation and I couldn't pull him out. I knew I had a real lunker.

With prayerful exhortation to my companion to handle the oars with finesse, I approached the spot and gouged wetly about with a landing net. Unluckily I came up with a wad of grass and my fish—all ten inches of him. The oarsman indulged in vulgar merriment.

The advent of plastic worms and other slowly-fished artificials has led many a caster into the ways of the bait fisherman who waits for a bass to "turn the bait" and take off again. Modifications of this procedure are often used with floating lures when the fish take gently and you wait for the persnickity nibbler to get a good hold before unhinging him. This takes self control—generally more than I have.

Light lures are frequently batted

out of the way by an over-eager fish's bow wave—something few fishermen consider when they 'rare back and find nobody home. The fish makes a sincere effort but the thing is lighter than he expected and he just brushes under or past it.

I used to think fish that missed their strikes always did so on purpose but I've seen several examples of fish that simply failed to get hold, even when trying. That doesn't happen often with a bass because his front end is mostly mouth.

But take a redfish or channel bass. His mouth is down underneath and poorly adapted for gobbling certain kinds of tidbits. I have watched 10-pound reds in clear water doing their best to connect with a fast-moving surface lure and chomping up gallons of water while doing it—same thing with sharks who also have downstairs mouths.

Bonefish sometimes make several tries at catching a sand-bumping jig, even though their mouths fit the bottom. I'm talking about serious efforts, too, not the muzzling, sniffing bit they like to perform.

It is easy for a taunt line to deflect a lure enough to miss the mark, especially if the fish is coming from the front. If he hits the line several inches from the bait, no telling just how the lure will react. Bumping into the line might discourage a coy tope, too.

It is amazing how you can learn to recognize fish by their strikes and still be unable to tell just how you knew. Sometimes I surprise myself but I've been wrong many a time when a mudfish hit and I took him for a big bass. I have also mistaken a mudfish for a snook. A gar has a peculiar slash to his surface strike and you generally name him quickly if you know there are gar around.

I know that it took me a long

time to actually figure what was happening when a fish takes. I know there are a lot of false impressions on strikes.

Take tarpon. I consider the tarpon a wonderful fighter but I list him as a slow striker—even when he's small. I think a ladyfish can swipe stuff from a tarpon's plate all day. A tarpon has a reputation for being a fast taker because he can make a terrific splash. Actually, the splash may be simply his tail hitting the surface after he takes or his big mouth coming down on the lure as he "turns" on it. His actual speed of arrival generally isn't very high.

Bluefish, mackerel and kings sometimes bust it in really high gear and the same goes for dolphin. Salt water trout have quite a change of pace in my experience.

Of course it depends on conditions and strikes, like other things pertaining to fishing, can't put down in the book without footnotes.

The "knack" of setting the hook on some kinds of fishing is often inexplicable. When to strike back or at least lift the rod tip seems to come to you eventually but it's hard to pass on the information. I've been on both ends of that one.

I once stood in a cold fresh water trout stream and missed dry-fly strikes all afternoon while a fellow I had always considered a very mediocre fisherman stood next to me and played fish while I jerked and missed.

I once watched two good fly fishermen wading among hundreds of 15-inch tarpon and using identical flies. Both had strikes on every cast. In an hour, one caught and released 26 and the other never connected.

I once tried to help a friend catch small bass that were striking a popping bug with every cast. Somehow, he missed 40 straight. I had no particular difficulty hooking them.

This business of hooking fish is one of the reasons why a lot of guides want their customers to troll. That way the fish generally hooks himself.

Stop and think about all the



Noisy strikes in quiet pools can disconcert even a veteran fisherman.

things that can happen and you may feel better.

New Manufacturer

Some time back we ran a picture in this column showing our 16-foot boat with a small, aluminum-framed Alpine tent mounted in it. I got that tent from the Bemis Bag people in St. Louis. I now have a letter from Robert L. Dosh, manager of Campers Paradise in Miami saying the tent I told about is no longer manufactured by Bemis. Now, it's made by the Eureka Tent and Awning Co., Binghamton, N.Y. Mr. Dosh goes on to say that the tent is popular with canoeists and other boatmen who want a light package in a good quality tent. They sell it at Campers Paradise, 9715 N.W. 27th Ave., Miami.

Camp Trailer

Something a little different is the Branton Camping Trailer. It's a collapsible tent-house with awning that folds down flat against its solid wooded floor. Then, above the folded tent is a regular boat cradle and the whole thing is on wheels.

S-o-o-o-o when you get to where you want to fish you just slide the boat off and set up your "house" with rigid aluminum tubing. The camp is high and dry with zipper windows and plastic screens. Less the boat, they say it will cost slight-

ly less than \$500. Might be of special interest to those with aversion to the creeping, crawling things said to be found in the South.

Editing Job

Chuck Schilling, author of this column for a number of years, is now fishing tackle editor of the Sporting Goods Dealer, a trade publication covering the outdoor field and other sports. Schilling began those chores in August, 1961.

Closed Face Reels

I am neither for nor against closed-face spinning reels. I have used some good ones and some lousy ones and some in between. The subject keeps coming up and I'm going to say about what I've said before:

They are a fairly complex mechanism. In order to meet price competition, most manufacturers make them less durable than other models.

If a closed-face reel were built as ruggedly as, say a Pflueger Supreme, I think it would cost more than \$100 and closed-face reel users wouldn't buy it.

A closed-face reel requires a little attention — cleaning and occasional examination. Most fishermen don't want to bother.

A closed-face reel is seldom built for heavy fishing. Yank on a shark or a 30-pound gar for an hour or

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MUZZLE FLASHES



BY
EDMUND
MCLAURIN

WHETHER OR NOT we like the process, all things human change. Where once we could pick up a gun, stuff ammunition in pockets and go in almost any direction and find a place to enjoy a little informal practice shooting, finding a safe location today—like finding accessible hunting land—is becoming increasingly difficult.

For more than 15 years I did most of my informal rifle, pistol and aerial target practice in a remote area that has since given permanent home to one of Florida's longest bay bridges. Although framed on three sides by civilization, there was nothing but wilderness tideland for some seven miles in the other direction. Shooting in that one direction, whether at ground level or at aerial targets, was safe. In all, I fired at least half a million rounds of assorted ammunition, from CB caps on up to and including .405 Gibbs, and shotgun shells of 28 guage down through shoulder-punishing 8 guage.

Today, I practice wherever I can find a safe location—preferably one that permits firing into a high sandbank free from rocks and other objects that might cause bullets to ricochet dangerously. While a couple of local rifle and pistol club ranges are available for practice, they devote most of their activity to formal target shooting, with little provision for ballistic experimental studies and none at all for firing at breakable or aerial targets.

Seemingly, industrial expansion has gobbled up many former range sites or made remaining ones dangerous to use, considering the extreme range of modern ammunition.

Greatly needed are designated, improved locations where shooters can go to sight-in big game rifles, enjoy informal .22 caliber shooting

or receive or give basic instruction in firearms safety.

City governments and county commissions should recognize this recreational need and include shooting ranges in planned recreational programs. Until then, however, the needed initiative will have to be supplied by interested sportsmen, acting independently or in joint cooperation with civic authorities.

A public-use range that is both popular and widely discussed favorably is the Magnum Rifle and Pistol Range at Pinecrest, Florida, 40 miles west of Miami on the "Old Loop" road. The range is located right in the middle of high hammock land surrounded by pine and cypress timber. It is an area that has long been considered as offering good hunting for deer, turkey, wild boar and bear. During season, hunting information is provided as a free public service.

Operated by shooter and owner Dave Jenkins, of Hialeah, the supervised range is open to the public 24 hours a day, 365 days of the year, at low cost personal participation. Illuminated targets and firing line are provided for night shooting—in case some reader of these lines wonders about the 24 hours continuous operation statement.

The range charge of \$2.50 per day includes unlimited use of rifle, pistol and trap shooting facilities during a 24 hour period.

The managed range is not just another commercial shooting gallery, but a real practice range where the individual handgunner, rifleman or shotgun enthusiast can practice at times convenient to him.

The shooter is privileged to fire

any caliber gun he is big enough to carry, and there is nothing down-range but the Everglades for many miles. Immediate foreground backstops are high fill, created by drag-line operations.

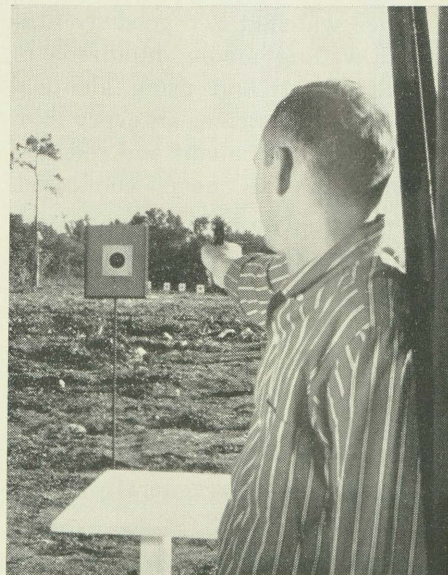
Fifteen individual firing points are available—9 rifle and 6 pistol—not counting numbered firing lines for trapshooting. All firing points are equipped with standard National Rifle Association design bench rests for use by both right and left-handed shooters. Firing points are covered and protected from wind and weather.

Rifles of any caliber may be fired over clear ranges up to 150 yards, and pistols on ranges of 50 to 75 feet in length.

The Magnum Range at Pinecrest also has a remote-controlled running deer target that travels at a rate of approximately ten feet per second, moving between two range boundary marker flags forty feet apart. A shooter has a maximum of four seconds to get off a shot at a deer target emerging from natural habitat, before it again disappears. Shooting range is 100 yards.

Ammunition of all calibers (both

In addition to facilities for the rifleman and the shotgunner, the Pinecrest range has firing points for pistol practice at various distances.



factory loaded and custom) can be had from range-house stock, along with all types of targets.

There are modern restrooms, and a canteen that serves sandwiches, soft drinks and snacks. Nearby are campsites on high ground and with good drinking water.

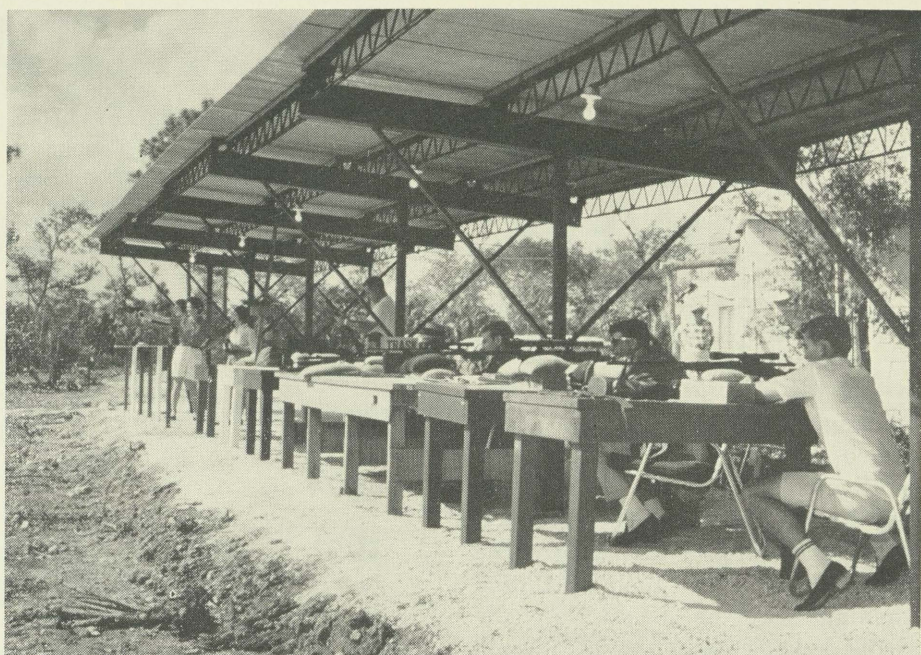
As might be expected, neighboring resident shooters have already formed competitive groups as well as a subsidiary club offering additional range privileges. Under the club plan, each shooter pays a flat fee for membership—including a year's use of range facilities, individual membership in the NRA, a subscription to *THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN*, discount prices on ammunition consumed, and free use of four MI Garands, four .22 rifles, four .45 caliber autoloading pistols, and 150 free rounds of practice ammunition per year, through club affiliation with the Director of Civilian Marksmanship, War Dept., Washington.

As cities and towns expand and burst their long recognized geographical boundaries, it's going to be increasingly difficult to find safe locations for undisturbed target practice. More public-use ranges, like the one at Pinecrest, should be activated without delay. Hunters, particularly, need places to which they can go and properly sight-in rifles.

Colonel Townsend Whelen Passes

The passing of Colonel Townsend Whelen, firearms authority and sportsman, has brought sadness to many of his friends and readers of his informative technical writings. His death occurred during the last days of 1961, in St. Louis, where he had been hospitalized.

His excellent magazine articles enlivened outdoor magazines for many years, and made him the dean among gun editors. At the time of his death, Colonel Whelen was holding down the difficult job of gun editor of *SPORTS AFIELD*, despite physical handicaps.



Covered firing points and bench rests at the public range at Pinecrest provide excellent testing and practice firing facilities.

He spent almost all of his active leisure time hunting, camping or field testing firearms, not only throughout the United States but in many foreign countries. From these experiences, many of his delightful, instructive writings developed. His "Wilderness Hunting and Wildcraft," "Telescopic Rifle Sights," "The Hunting Rifle" and "Small Arms Design and Ballistics" were probably his most popular book titles.

Back about 1940, Colonel Whelen was commercially affiliated with the Parker-Whelen Company, Inc., Washington, D. C., sharing executive position with Clement A. Parker and Lynn B. Elmore, two names also familiar to yesteryear shooters.

The firm dealt in firearms and accessories, and at the time had one of the largest stocks of American made arms, particularly. Its 170-page, magazine size catalog was not only profusely illustrated with photographs of clarity and detail, but contained a wealth of technical information written in the readable style of Colonel Whelen. Sections devoted to various firearms categories were prefaced by non-commercial texts, to give shooters basic technical in-

formation and help them judge gun models, rifle calibers and shotgun gauges best suited to their needs. In addition, there were sections on rifle marksmanship, pistol competition, upland game and waterfowl hunting, trap and skeet shooting, small bore and big game rifles, telescopic sights and gun care. Try to find a remaining copy of the First Edition of the catalog, if you can, for its value as a technical reference text. I wouldn't take twenty dollars for my dog-eared copy.

Probably because of his military experiences and service-connected technical research, and early hunting years, Colonel Whelen long favored the .30-06 as an all-around rifle caliber—as it is. But in late years, his friends and readers noted a gradual predominant preference for the .270 caliber, although he never disinherited the .30-06 as an ideal hunting rifle caliber. In fact, a review of Colonel Whelen's magazine articles will show he often mentioned the superb accuracy he obtained from certain .270 caliber rifles and matched loads. At his suggestion, I obtained my first .270. I

(Continued on page 36)

NATIONAL WILDLIFE WEEK

The average citizen can do much to preserve and perpetuate waterfowl

IT MAY BE A LONG, thin, and ever-changing line of high-flying ducks etched in the sky against clouds spotlighted by a setting sun. Or, it may be a "V" of heavy Canada geese wind-milling along, airborne yet so low that their plaintive honking may be heard; or, the swift, dodging departure of a wood duck from its home in a tree near a stream.

These are sights of waterfowl, the heritage of a continent, which never fail to thrill the person, be he or she an average citizen, an avid bird-watcher or a hunter. There is something about the unerring migrations of ducks and geese and other water birds, an instinct for survival developed in the distant past, which impresses man as no other single mystery of nature.

All waterfowl in general, and some individual species in particular, are in trouble, however. And, as with many other wild creatures, most major problems relate to man's influence on their environment. Ducks and geese are important because of their values to man. They can, and do, live with man. They can be perpetuated by man.

What They Need

Most species of wild ducks and geese, nest in the northern United States and Canada. They need water during the pairing-off or courting period, and after the young birds have hatched. They need foods such as farm-grown grains and nuts, and aquatic vegetation on their northern nesting areas, at resting points along migration routes, and on wintering grounds. When available, natural food sources usually also provide adequate protective cover from predators.

MARCH

18-24

1962

NATIONAL
WILDLIFE
FEDERATION



Ranger Rick says—

'WETLANDS are essential to
MAN and WILDLIFE!'

THE WEIGHT OF **YOUR HELP**
CAN
SWING
THE
BALANCE



TO INSURE **WATERFOWL** FOR THE **FUTURE**
BY CONSERVATION OF WETLANDS WHICH
BENEFIT MAN AND WILDLIFE

Man's Influence on Waterfowl

Man's influence on waterfowl is profound and can be either beneficial or detrimental. Unfortunately, injurious practices presently are overshadowing those of an advantageous character.

Ducks and geese which reach maturity face a continual stream of abusive influences from man. Unknowingly, they may alight upon water polluted by petroleum products, acids, radioactive materials or disease-ridden wastes. They may feed in fields or upon waters contaminated by poisonous chemicals placed there to control insects, weeds, or plant diseases. During the fall and much of the winter they run gamuts of lawful hunters and illegal poachers from the Arctic Circle to Mexico and Central America who use every conceivable means to capture them. Natural predators and disease take a toll.

All of these problems, however, even when considered collectively

rather than individually, probably are not as significant as those influences of man which are reducing the basic habitat requirements of water-related food-and-cover. Hunting pressures are significant principally when populations reach a critical stage. The greatest difficulty rests with maintaining an unspoiled environment. Give these valuable birds a home on the water with proper food and cover and Mother Nature will produce the bounteous crop.

ESSENTIALLY, MAN MUST PROVIDE THE WETLANDS NECESSARY FOR MAINTAINING AND PERPETUATING FLIGHTS OF MIGRATORY WATERFOWL. Such a procedure involves nesting areas in the northern U.S. and Canada, resting locations along migration routes, and wintering areas in the southern U.S. and Latin America. Many complications, some of an international nature, constitute roadblocks.

CONSERVATION OF WETLANDS

Preservation of Wetlands

Although important new wetlands of value to waterfowl have been and are being created, both by governmental agencies and private concerns or groups, success must be geared to preserving those areas already existing. This can be accomplished by: 1. the outright acquisition or leasing of wetlands suitable for waterfowl; and, 2. preventing the unnecessary drainage of wetlands.

Acquisition of Wetlands

The Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife of the Department of the Interior has estimated that a minimum of 12,500,000 acres of U.S. wetlands are needed to maintain waterfowl populations at a significant level. Of this total 5,500,000 acres already are under Federal or state control, thus leaving a remainder of 7,000,000 acres to be acquired. Of this balance, some 4,500,000 acres would be acquired by the Federal Government and 2,500,000 acres by state wildlife agencies.

The Federal acquisition program of 4,500,000 acres calls for 3,720,000 acres to be financed with Migratory Bird Hunting Stamps, or "Duck Stamps." The other 780,000 acres would be added as parts of Federal water development projects. Action by the Congress in 1961 authorizes an emergency Federal loan of \$105 million, to be repaid from Duck Stamp receipts, which in seven years could result in the preservation of 1,750,000 acres of critical wetland production areas and 1,021,000 acres for refuges, of 2,771,000 acres in all. The balance then would be set aside as funds permit.

Plans for state wildlife agencies to acquire wetlands are more indefinite and are dependent to a considerable degree upon income available.

Sportsmen "Foot the Bill"

Hunters, through license fees and purchases of Duck Stamps, provide most of the financing for the waterfowl wetlands acquisition programs. State wildlife agencies use license

fees and funds received from apportionments of a Federal excise tax upon sporting arms and ammunition to acquire, develop and manage waterfowl areas. Waterfowl hunters, in addition, are required to buy a \$3 annual Federal Duck Stamp and all of this money is earmarked for wetlands acquisition. Very little, if any, general tax revenues are used for the purchase or lease of these valuable wetlands.

The Problem of Drainage

The Soil Conservation Service estimates there once were approximately 127 million acres of wetlands in the U.S. By 1956, due to drainage and filling, only 74,439,000 acres remained and, of these, some 22,500,000 were of significant value to waterfowl. When normal water areas are lost under drought conditions, the nesting situation becomes even more aggravated.

Drainage of wetlands exists in many parts of the United States but is most acute in the nesting, or production, areas of North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota, and Montana. This is the prairie pothole country which produces the most significant portion of U.S.-reared ducks.

Game managers take an annual midwinter census and know what the waterfowl breeding potential may be when the birds travel north in the spring. When the birds arrive at traditional nesting areas of the north central U.S. and the prairie provinces of Canada, they gather on the larger bodies of water. They then disperse and seek smaller water areas to establish nesting territories. During this period, these factors become evident: 1. because of drainage, many ducks are unable to establish nesting territory and remain on the larger water areas where potential productivity is lost; 2. nesting territories are established on less desirable potholes which dry up early in the season, with the result that the hen and her nest becomes vulnerable to pre-

dators, or ducklings may be lost as they travel across land to reach more stable water areas. Drought, of course, further reduces the available nesting territory.

Subsidies for Drainage of Wetlands

Much drainage in the U.S. has been subsidized by the Federal Government, supposedly as an agricultural soil-and-water conservation practice. Many areas being drained particularly those in the pothole country of the upper Midwest, are those which the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife seeks to buy or lease. Thus, the sportsman-taxpayer finds himself contributing tax monies to compete against his Duck Stamp funds for wetlands. This is an inconsistency to which President John F. Kennedy referred in a resources message to the Congress in 1961 when he said: "I am also hopeful that consistent and coordinated Federal leadership can expand our fish and wildlife opportunities without the present conflicts of agencies and interests: One department paying to have wetlands drained for agricultural purposes while another is purchasing such lands for wildlife and waterfowl refuges. . ."

Ultimate primary objective of wetlands drainage, of course, is to make additional land available for agricultural purposes and improve the economic condition of the farmer.

Every conscientious citizen should be concerned about the present plight of the farmer. Ways and means must be sought to assure him adequate income for his production from the land. However, with overproduction and the storage problem of certain agricultural crops it is inconsistent for the Federal Government to finance the drainage of wetlands to increase the production of cereal grains already in surplus. The taxpayer, thus, is saddled with the burden of paying for an

(Continued on Page 37)

The Invisible Fisherman of the



Bob Budd never really managed to make himself this invisible but he tried.

I TOLD HIM I WOULD row all day and I did.

On the way to the river we heard on the car radio that the barometer was up. This was on top of conflicting weather forecasts. A cold front was wandering around and no one seemed to know exactly where.

"Boy, we'll murder 'em," said Bob Budd, "unless it gets cold or rains or the winds gets around in the north or east or blows too hard—or if it stays cloudy all day or if there are a lot of boats over there or if they've quit hitting on top."

I absorbed this information and decided it left him plenty of alibis in case of failure. Since I was going to

row the boat, I felt somewhat aloof from petty excuses.

For a week, Bob had been telling me about the bass on that stretch of the Oklawaha and of the deadly methods he had devised for catching them. He'd brought in some good fish, too, after turning most of them back.

I hadn't had my mind on what he was saying.

"All right, all right," I had said. "You show me all about it and I'll row the boat."

It was just a slip of the tongue but he had taken me up before I realized what had happened and here I was, still a little sleepy, and headed

To catch bass takes
research . . . you
talk'em up and make
yourself invisible.

That's the way
Bob Budd explains it.

for the Oklawaha at sunrise.

Bob drove to where Highway No. 42 crosses the river. That is downstream from Lake Griffin and we put the boat in at Nelson's fishing camp there. I went through the motions of helping Bob launch his boat but every time I touched anything he would yank it away from me—which was what I expected anyway and didn't hurt my feelings at all.

We headed downstream from Nelson's at 30 miles an hour with Bob talking pretty steadily but he was back behind me running the boat and I couldn't hear much of what he said.

Once we hit something under the water. Quite a jolt.

"Good thing those big gar don't live crossways of the river," Bob said, "or they'd wreck us!"

I hadn't thought of that before but I guess it is good that gar face upstream when they doze near the surface.

The water was glassy smooth and the channel had been dredged straight. On one side we had bonnets and a cypress swamp and on the other side we had bonnets and sawgrass. The river was a hundred feet wide with a few herons carefully spaced for decorative purposes.

Chortling happily at the prospect of fishing all day with a peon to row for him, Bob got his gear together so fast I just hunched my shoulders on the middle seat and let him buzz around me.

He has a casting deck in the bow

Oklawaha

By CHARLES WATERMAN

of his moulded-plywood boat and he hopped up on that carrying an enormous, 4-story, wooden tackle box.

His tackle box is almost frightening. It is an institution. Some day I am going to suggest that he attach his motor to it and dispense with the boat. I strongly suspect that he sometimes gets inside his box to stay out of the rain although I have never witnessed that.

His rod was a short spinning job he made up himself. His reel was a little below-the-hand spinning pencil sharpener type and with it he uses a fingering device to improve his accuracy. The plug was a little surface dingus with a spinner on the tail and he makes that too. Come to think of it, he also built the boat and the tackle box. I think he buys his clothes.



Photos By The Author

"I am making myself invisible," explained Bob as he leaned away from a swirling bass that wouldn't strike.

Now don't do away. Maybe you don't approve of that tackle. I can't say that I do either. Now let me tell you a thing or two:

Bob Budd lives in Jeffersonville, Indiana, and fishes every winter in Florida. He has been national casting champion more than once and has made repeated invasions of Europe with the U.S. international casting team. He made up that fingering device to sell and people aren't very anxious to buy it. To prove it works, he has been winning casting tournaments with it.

People *do* want to buy the plug he makes and calls Budd's Bug. Now that is all the free advertising I am going to give him and I put it in here simply to explain what was going on. The last time I wrote something about his plug, people kept asking me where they could buy it.

That is very bad because Budd is hard enough to get along with as it

is. When people keep writing to me about his plug he is well-nigh impossible.

I started rowing the boat very slowly along the bonnets, keeping about 20 feet away. Bob cast ahead of the boat for a total of about 30 feet.

He'd drop the little plug (slightly more than 1/4-ounce) about six inches from the pads each time.

"It won't do to hit the pads with it," Bob said. "I know all that stuff about dropping a bait on a bonnet and then jerking it off. I've been pulling that stunt for 30 years. But here, for some reason, that scares them away. I tried it hundreds of time and then gave up."

"These fish are slow takers—I mean *REALLY* slow takers. No splash at all, hardly—but generally you can see 'em coming. They move the bonnets a little and push a little wave—not much, just a little. You have to wait till they get a good hold on the plug—takes a little self-control. I'll show you."

The little plug landed again six
(Continued on next page)



An Oklawaha bass and the outfit that caught him. It's won many a casting tournament.



A big mudfish comes over the side. The angler doesn't like them because they take up his bass-fishing time.

(Continued from preceding page) inches from a bonnet. It dipped its nose in the water and flirted its stern in the air. The little spinner went, "Splut, b-z-z-z, splut!"

Back near the bank, eight or nine feet away, a single bonnet moved slightly.

"Wup! Wup! Hold that boat! Back her down! Don't make any noise! Here he comes!" said Bob.

I tried vainly to stop the forward progress of the boat without making a sound. We were drifting inexorably down on the little plug. There was a gentle swirl under it, a little "glug" and it disappeared. Bob lifted the rod tip and stood up. He had a 2-pound bass and he put it on a stringer for me to make pictures of.

A couple of casts later, there was another bonnet movement and a sneaky bulge in the water. We were too close to the bait and I never put the oars in the water. We waited and waited . . . four or five hours or maybe ten seconds.

I noticed that Bob was listing. He was leaning more and more to starboard, away from the bulge as if it might throw off a couple of buckets of atomic fallout at any moment.

"What—," I said, —"What in heavens name are you doing?"

"I", said Bob with dignity, "am making myself invisible. Didn't you ever see a man make himself invisible before?"

I never had and so I took a picture of it because I think everyone is entitled to see a man make himself invisible just once. However, apparently he was too slow about it because the bass never struck.

The water was pretty clean, the surface was calm and the light was bright. A perceptive bass could count the fillings in your teeth at the distance we were fishing.

The next time a bonnet moved, there was a big, slow swirl and the plug was gone. Bob came up with the rod tip and a 5-pound bass tail-walked around the bow and threw the plug back at him.

"The tail hooks on this bait are pretty small," Bob said. "I lose quite a few good-sized fish with it. But those tail hooks are what I call my 'bluegill hooks'."

He has a theory that to be really successful an artificial lure should be capable of variety. People like to catch fish. If the bass aren't biting, they'll go home satisfied if they catch something else. With nothing but big hooks on a plug, the nibbling bream and other little stuff wouldn't get caught and Bob says people want to land them whether they admit it or not. In testing baits, he likes to go where there are lots of panfish. Some of the south Florida canals are favorite testing grounds of his.

"First I try it in a bathtub," he says. "Then, if it looks good I like to get it into one of those canals."

About then, there was a wallop-ing blast on the top and the little rod bent over.

"Big mudfish," commented the fisherman and then launched into a dissertation on mudfish using a lot of adjectives I wish I had written down. It seems he does not like mudfish—especially in good bass waters. They shake him up and he thinks he has a big bass. It's been a good year for mudfish—or a bad year if you hate 'em.

Bob "roughed him up," horsing away with all the tackle would take. Then he ladled the bowfin into the boat and went to work with two pairs of pliers. The little plug was 'way down in there some place. In getting it out, he broke a hook and pulled out a screw-eye. It was a major catastrophe. It developed the plug was a favorite of Bob's. He opened two stories of the tackle box and came up with more tools. I could see 75 or 80 similar plugs in one tray but I kept still.

Bob took a spinner here, a screw-eye there and another hook from another plug and attached them to his battered pet. He tried one cast and then overhauled the whole thing again, working with frantic speed. After all, he had a chump rowing for free and there was no

use wasting fishing time.

He sharpened the hooks and went to work again.

"You have to use self-control," said Bob. "You've gotta' wait until he's ready, no matter how much sloshing around he does. You have to wait."

The bonnets moved a little back against the bank. A gentle swell moved toward the plug, bonnets shifting in its path. There was a bulge under the plug. Bob became invisible.

A broad dorsal fin slid up through the surface and a malevolent bass eye of heroic proportions came into plain view within inches of the plug. A broad tail moved and a bucket mouth opened ominously.

Bob jerked viciously, the little plug whizzed past his ear and the whole bass showed lazily as it gawked around to see where the tidbit had gone.

Bob let out a big breath.

"Like I say, it takes self-control. You wait until he's ready to eat it and sometimes you can't so there is a 10-pound bass we can fish for next time."

He went back to fishing but every little bit his shoulders shook and I knew he was still laughing at himself.

He caught some more bass, all of them small, and then they knocked off. It was 10 a.m.

Bob blamed the wind, the barometer, the sun, the temperature, the time of year (just before Christmas), the birds that stalked along the edges, the time of day, the solar tables and his own judgement but he kept on fishing just as hard. Once he started to blame the oarsman but he thought better of it and changed the subject.

At lunch time, Bob was back in action before I could finish my jelly sandwich. He said you never know when they will start again.

We worked one big stump twice. It seems Bob had been told there were no fish around it so he wouldn't leave it alone. In the past two weeks he had caught two good bass from the stump and was bound and

determined to get another but he didn't that day.

A little further along the shoreline, he raised his third big one of the day and it looked like a sure thing for a while but the tail hook pulled out of the watersoaked, almost-painless plug.

"What do you expect?" Bob said defensively, "I've caught hundreds of fish on that bait. You expect it to last forever?"

Then he opened up the third deck of his tackle box and started rebuilding again. By this time, I had begun to suspect the plug was like the axe that had four new handles and two new blades—there wasn't much of the original lure left. He got it working again.

Bob Budd often resorts to an unfair tactic known as "talking them up." This procedure usually involves a steady monologue addressed to the fish, the lure and the fisherman himself. The phraseology is quite similar to that voiced by degenerates who frequent dice tables but Bob adds other comments likely to bring

you to sharp attention. These comments deal with his personal affairs, how he feels and the Florida weather—especially the Florida weather. In the interest of science, I have endeavored to record a bit of this hoping that it will be of aid to anglers who occasionally have off days and may need to "talk them up."

The procedure should be abandoned immediately upon the approach of persons wearing white coats. Bob's routine goes something like this:

"Talk to 'em Baby! Talk to 'em! (twitches plug noisily) Come on, bass! Big ole' lantern-jawed black rascal. Listen to that spinner chop that water! Come on, mama bass! Come on, papa bass! Stay away you little ole' runt. Splash that water. Bust 'at plug! Ole' Bob Budd'll turn you loose. Just latch on there! Bust that line! Pull that reel off! Come on you bass, mudfish, bream, garfish, Lordy to the day, I don't care which. Leetle bit of an ole' bass, come on! I'll turn you loose. Catfish, come on!"

"Boy, feel that Florida sun! Cooks you clear through! Good old hyacinth control cleared up the river! My neuritis feels good today! Good old sun! Wasn't for that sun, I'd be dead! Come on, bass, gotta' go home and make a living—not much time left. Come on grampaw bass! Ain't that the purtiest little old bait you ever saw?—"

I got a little hypnotized and quit rowing. The boat stopped and it wasn't until I saw Bob had made three casts by the same bonnet that I got going again.

When Bob is fishing by himself he says people in other boats stare at him when he "talks 'em up." You would think they had never heard anybody talking up fish before, Bob says.

A cypress limb scratched the sun on its way down and a couple of wild ducks came whistling up the Oklawaha to veer off when they saw us. Something was sloshing around back in the swamp—couldn't tell what. A big formation of curlew

(Continued on Page 38)

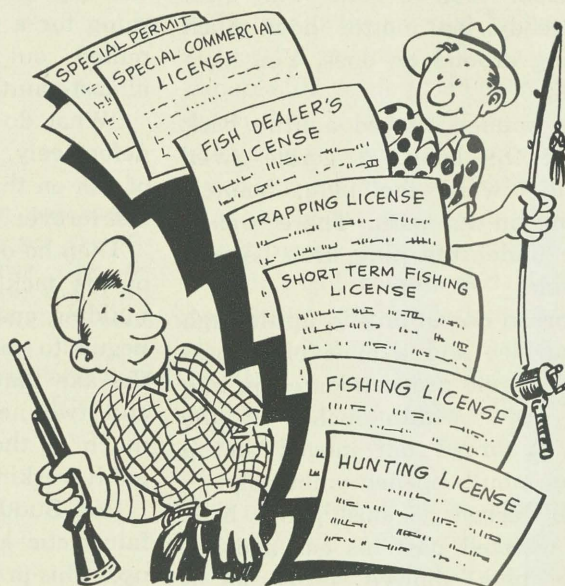


Budd expected much bigger fish than these at the end of the day but he wasn't ashamed of what he had.

HOW ABOUT LICENSES?

By BRANTLEY GOODSON

Area Supervisor, Northwest Region
Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission



Prepared by Law Enforcement
in cooperation with
the Information and Education Division

ALL PERSONS WHO TAKE or attempt to take game, fresh-water fish or fur-bearing animals in Florida are subject to the license provisions. For fishing, it is provided that only the following persons are exempt from license: Residents more than 60 years of age need no license. All children under 15 years of age need no license. Residents fishing with not more than three poles non-commercially in the county of their legal residence need no fishing license. For hunting, it is provided that only the following persons are exempt from license: Residents more than 65 years of age need no license. All children under 15 years of age need no license. Residents who are hunting on their own homesteads, the homesteads of their spouses, or, if of minor age, the homesteads of their parents, need no hunting license. All other people must possess the proper fishing, hunting or trapping license.

How About Old Age?

There are no over-age exemptions for non-residents, so all non-residents 15 or more years of age are subject to the licenses. There is an over-age exemption for residents, as mentioned above.

How About Servicemen?

Servicemen are not exempt from licenses. However, servicemen stationed in Florida are considered

to be residents insofar as licenses to fish or hunt are concerned.

Are There Free Licenses?

State law prohibits the issuing of free licenses to any person, regardless of affiliation or status. There is no such thing as a free hunting, fishing or trapping license.

How About Commercial Licenses?

Persons who are engaged in the commercial aspects of wildlife or fresh-water fish must possess the proper commercial licenses, when such licenses are established by law. There are no exemptions of any type—residency, age, or other exemption—from the provisions of the commercial licenses.

Who Sets the Licenses?

The Florida Legislature set all fishing, hunting and trapping licenses, fees and penalties for violations of game and fish laws.

Who Sells Licenses?

All licenses to fish or hunt are issued by the County Judges, or their duly authorized sub-agents. Commercial licenses, and hunting licenses for aliens,

are issued by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.

What About Aliens?

Aliens are persons who are not citizens of the United States. Fishing licenses for aliens are the same licenses and fees as charged other non-residents of the state, and alien fishing licenses are obtained from the County Judges, or agents. Hunting licenses for aliens to take wild game or birds are issued at a cost of \$50.00, and such alien hunting licenses are issued by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.

What About Permits?

Permits govern special privileges involving aspects of wildlife or fresh-water fish. One class of permits may be purchased, while other types of permits are issued free of charge.

What Permits are Sold?

The Florida Legislature has authorized only one permit. This permit is to allow persons to hunt on lands owned, managed or leased by the state. Persons over 65 years of age are exempt from payment of the cost, but must attest to their age before their County Judge. Such permits include the Public Hunting Area Permit, which allows hunting on the Florida Wildlife Management Areas, and permits which allow participation in special archery hunts, dove field hunts, controlled bear hunts, and similar operations.

What About Free Permits?

Some permits are issued free of charge, and serve as a means of controlling persons involved with specialized aspects of wildlife or fresh-water fish. These include permits for scientific collecting, importation or exportation of fish or wildlife, possession of game animals or fish, running of field trials, propagation of game, or to take game or fish by methods other than ordinary hunting or fishing methods. Such permits are issued only by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, and are authorized by the Director.

What About Judges' Fees?

Florida law allows County Judges to add a fee to cover expenses of issuing licenses. These fees are usually included in printed listings of licenses and costs. The fees are 25¢ for licenses costing \$3.00 or less, and 50¢ for licenses costing more than \$3.00. Sub-agents may charge as added fee of 25¢, over and above the Judges' fees. By special acts of the Florida Legislature, an additional fee of 50¢ is added to fishing licenses issued in Orange County, and to licenses issued for fishing in the Dead Lakes, Northwest Florida. The additional fees are earmarked by law for fisheries improvement and development work in Orange County and the Dead Lakes.

When Do Licenses Expire?

Each license is dated by the Judge or agent as of the date issued. Pre-dating or post-dating of licenses is unlawful. Annual hunting licenses carry an expiration date as of the month of closing of the latest hunting season. Other licenses expire the following June 30, except in the cases of short-term licenses which are good for a stated term of days beginning with the date of purchase—such as a five-day or ten-day license.

Mail-Order Licenses?

Yes, if you live outside of Florida, it is possible to purchase a fishing or hunting license by mail. It is recommended that you first obtain the proper fishing or hunting summary from the County Judges or Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. You must furnish data necessary to completing the license, attach payment for the license, and mail to the County Judge at the county seat in the County where you intend to fish or hunt.

I Lost My License?

If you have lost your original license, a duplicate license may be obtained by attesting to the facts to the County Judge in the county where you purchased your original licenses. The duplicate is issued for a fee of 25¢ to cover costs of issuing.

What Do Licenses Cost?

Information about licenses, and the rules and regulations applying to each license, may be obtained from any County Judge, authorized sub-agent, or the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. According to your interests, ask for: "Fishing Summary." "Hunting and Trapping Summary." "Wildlife Management Area Summary." The "Summary of Commercial Licenses" may be obtained directly from the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.

Can Fish Be Sold?

Legally taken non-game fish—garfish, carp, mudfish, catfish—may be sold by properly licensed fish dealers. No game fish—no bass, pickerel, panfish or other fresh-water game fish—may be bought or sold under any conditions. Restaurants may cook game fish for the licensed fisherman who caught such fish, but may charge a fee only for cooking such fish, and may not charge any fee for, or attempt to sell, such fish back to the fisherman or the public.

Can Game Be Sold?

No native or migratory game animal or bird may be bought or sold, except those that are pen-raised on a licensed game farm. Restaurants may cook game for the licensed hunter who took such game, but may charge a fee only for cooking such game, and may

(Continued on next page)

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not charge any fee for, or attempt to sell, such game back to the hunter or the public. Game birds and mammals not native to Florida—except quail and other birds that may be mistaken for quail when dressed for market—may be sold, or offered for sale, or served in public eating places.

Fishing by Trot-Line?

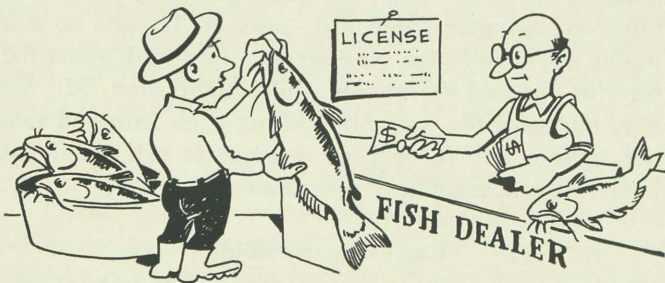
Except in certain designated areas, trot-lines of not more than 25 hooks may be used to take non-game fish for personal use, if you possess a regular fishing license or are exempt by reason of age. If you sell the fish, you are classed as a commercial fisherman and need to have a fish dealer's license—there are no age exemptions. If the trot-line has more than 25 hooks, it is classed as a commercial fishing device, and requires a regular fishing license, plus a retail fish dealer's license. Boats used for commercial fishing must be licensed. If the operator of the fishing device is under 15 years of age, or a resident 65 years of age or more, he is exempt from the fishing license, but must possess the dealer's license. Any gamefish taken on any trot-line must be returned unharmed to the water.

How About Basket Fishing?

A catfish basket, or similar fishing device, is classified as a commercial fishing device, and the same regulations given above for trot-lines apply. Wire traps slat baskets, pound nets, lift nets, hoop nets and minnow seines are all classed as commercial fishing devices. Such devices may be operated in specific areas under special permit from the Commission, if the operator possesses proper fishing and commercial licenses. The devices must be marked with the license number and the name of the licensee.

Can I Sell Catfish?

Catfish, or other non-game fish, may be sold only by persons possessing a proper retail or wholesale fresh-water fish dealer's license.



What is a Fish Dealer?

A Fish Dealer is anyone who sells, or who catches and sells, fresh-water fish, either on a retail or wholesale basis. The retail fresh-water fish dealer is anyone

who sells fish or supplies direct to the consumer or to the wholesale dealer. A wholesale dealer is anyone who sells or ships fish by half-barrel, barrel or in bulk.

Can I Sell Minnows?

If you sell or ship bait minnows, you must possess the proper wholesale or retail fish dealer's license.

Can I Import Minnows?

The minnow hatchery located outside of the state, but shipping into the state, is required to possess a non-resident wholesale fresh-water fish dealers license. Such hatcheries must be inspected by fisheries biologists of the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Minnow hatchery trucks are subject to inspection for diseased or parasitized fish, and such vehicles must be clearly marked on both sides with name and address of owner, and his license number in letters at least five inches high.

Are Fish Traps Non-Commercial?

Non-game fish may be taken for personal use by any person who possesses a valid fishing license by the use of not more than one slat basket or one wire trap in certain districts of Florida. Such a basket or trap must be constructed to meet specifications set forth by the Commission. Fish taken for personal use cannot be sold.

What About Boat Licenses?

Boats used for commercial purposes—that is, rented to fishermen or hunters, or used to catch fish commercially—must be licensed. The boats are licensed by size. When operating in fresh water, such commercial boat licenses are obtained from the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Salt-water commercial fishing boats are regulated by the State Board of Conservation Salt Water Fisheries Division. Regulations applying to pleasure boats are enforced by the County Sheriffs, and licenses for such boats are issued by the respective County Tax Collectors. Information about operation of pleasure boats is obtained by contacting the office of the County Tax Collector or Sheriff, or the State Board of Conservation.

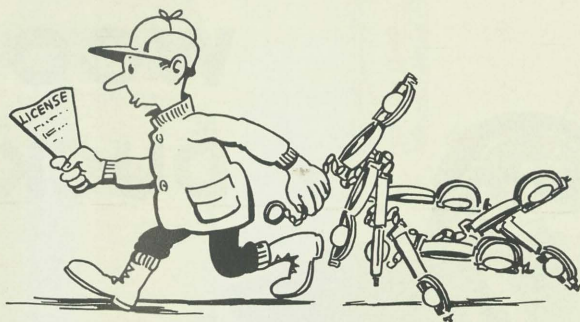
Are Hunting Preserves Licensed?

Yes, all hunting preserves and game farms are licensed and regulated by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Strict specifications for construction and operation have been established and must be met before a license will be issued.

Is There a Trapper's License?

Anyone who takes a fur-bearing animal for commercial purposes must possess a valid trapping license.

Fur-bearing animals may be taken for non-commercial purposes by those who possess a valid hunting license. Seasons and bag limits must be followed in the taking or trapping of such animals. Anyone dealing in furs must possess the proper dealers license.



Are Guides Licensed?

Hunting guides must possess a guide license, which is classed as a commercial license. Fishing guides need no license.

Are There Other Licenses?

If you keep, possess or exhibit any poisonous reptile in Florida, you must obtain a special commercial license, and you must provide a liability bond, and follow construction regulations as to safe housing of such reptiles. If you keep or possess nutria, you must possess the proper commercial license, and follow regulations as to housing the animal. If you wish to raise game birds, you must be licensed and follow the regulations. If you operate an airboat for fishing or hunting or trapping or taking of wildlife or fresh-water fish in any manner, you must obtain a permit from the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.

Can Licenses be Revoked?

Upon conviction for a violation of the fish and game laws, the Florida Statutes provide that the convicted person shall forfeit any fishing or hunting license or permit in his possession. Any false statement made in applying for any license is a misdemeanor, subject to court-imposed fines of up to \$500.00, or imprisonment up to six months.

Can Permits be Revoked?

Any permit may be revoked or forfeited, as the case may be, in instances of violations of game or fish laws.

What Happens to License Money?

Revenue resulting from the sale of hunting and fishing licenses and permits is deposited, by law, into the State Game Fund. Such revenue may be used only for the conservation, restoration, management and regulation of the wildlife and fresh-water fish. It is

illegal to use such license revenue money for any other purpose.

Can Licenses be Transferred?

No. It is unlawful to alter, change, transfer or loan any fishing or hunting license or permit.

What Makes License Invalid?

No license or permit is valid until countersigned by the holder. Any license obtained by fraudulent statement is invalid. Purchase of a license or permit constitutes acceptance by the purchaser of all provisions of or attached to the license or permit.

Must I Show My License?

Yes. Florida Statutes, as set by the Florida Legislature, provide that the license issued shall be on the person to whom issued while taking game, fresh-water fish or fur-bearing animals. Failure to exhibit such license to the Florida Wildlife Officer is a misdemeanor. If the license is lost, destroyed or stolen, you must apply at once to your County Judge for a duplicate. Fishing, hunting or trapping without a license upon your person is a misdemeanor.



Can I Collect Licenses?

Out of date licenses, permits or stamps cannot be obtained from the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission or the State of Florida. All unsold licenses, permits or stamps are audited by the State Auditing Department, and then destroyed before witnesses after due legal process has been followed. Collectors may obtain such items only from private individuals, if such can be located by the collector.

I Forgot My License?

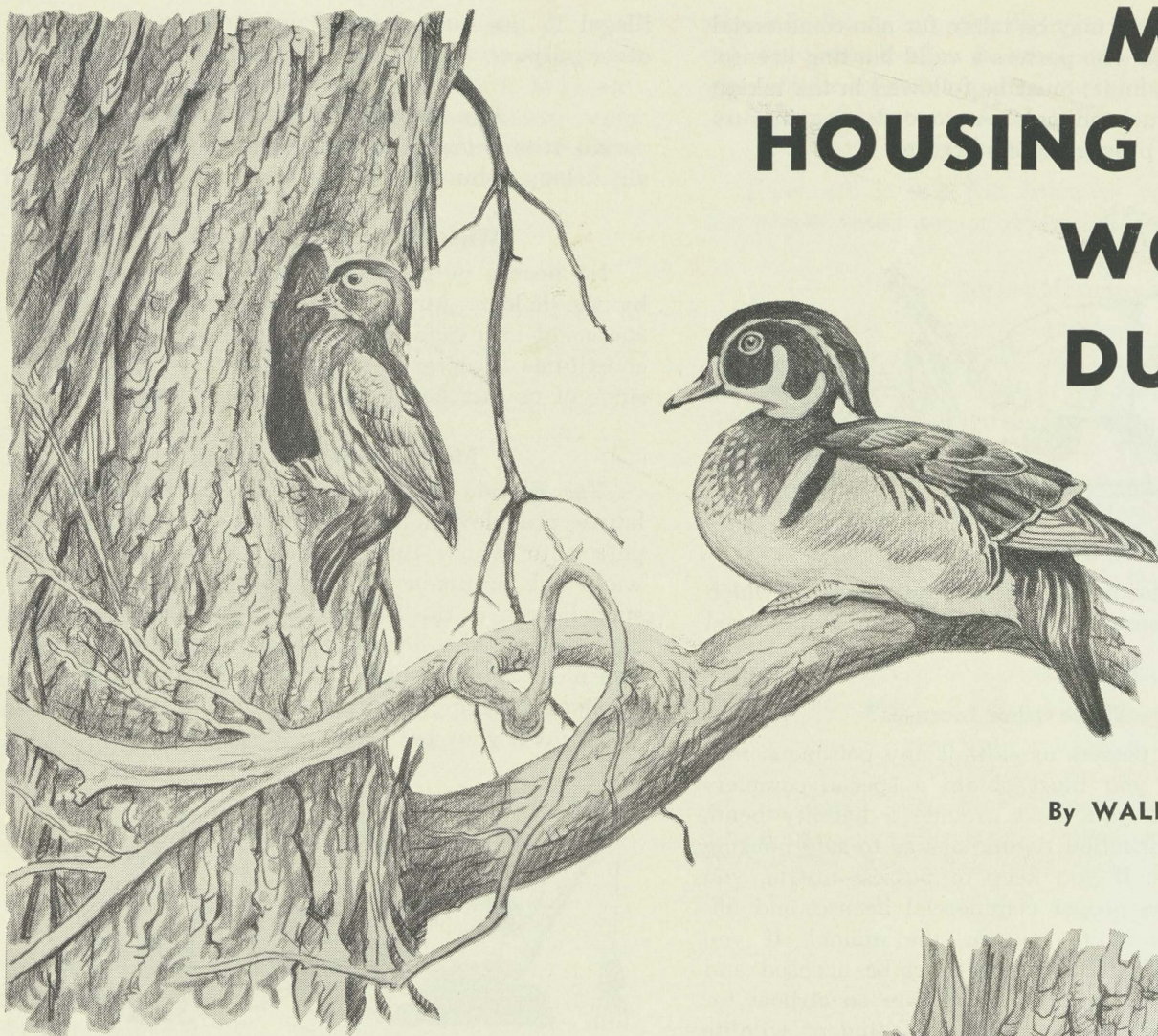
Never go fishing or hunting unless you have the valid license in your personal possession. The license must be on your person—not at home, in your car or in your camp. You must be able to exhibit the license to the Florida Wildlife Officer upon request, and failure to so exhibit the license is a violation of law.

Don't Forget!

Remember that the fee you pay for your license or permit must, by law, be used to manage, restore, conserve and regulate the wildlife and fresh-water fish of Florida. Your license money finances better fishing and hunting for the future. ●

MORE HOUSING FOR WOOD DUCKS

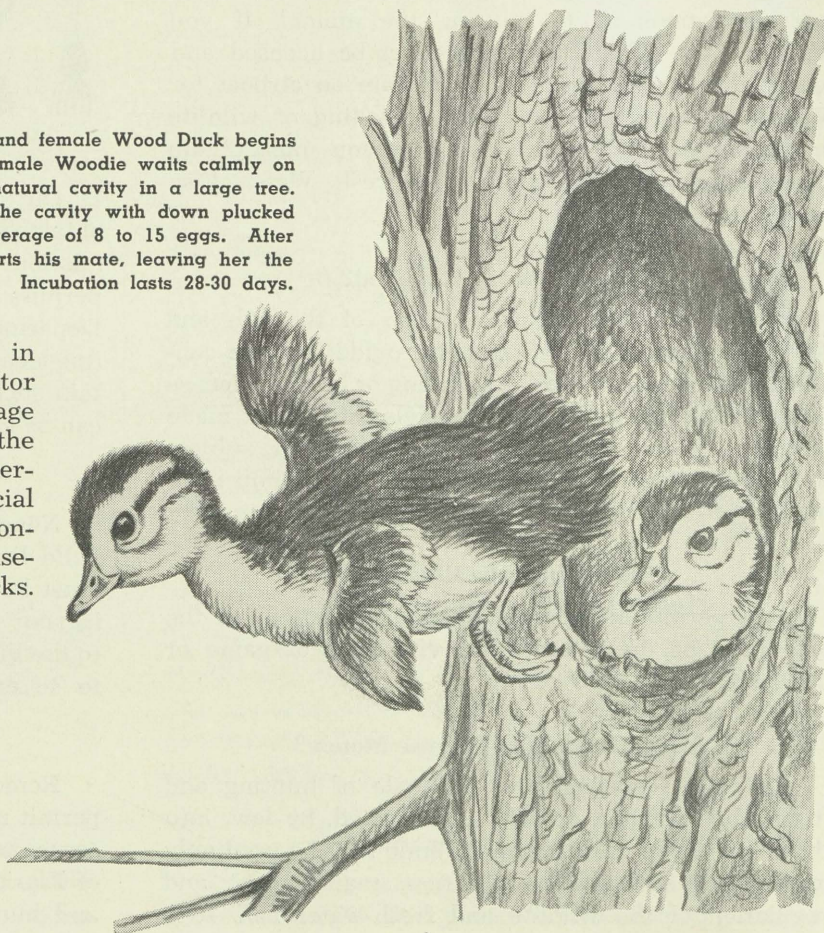
By WALLACE HUGHES

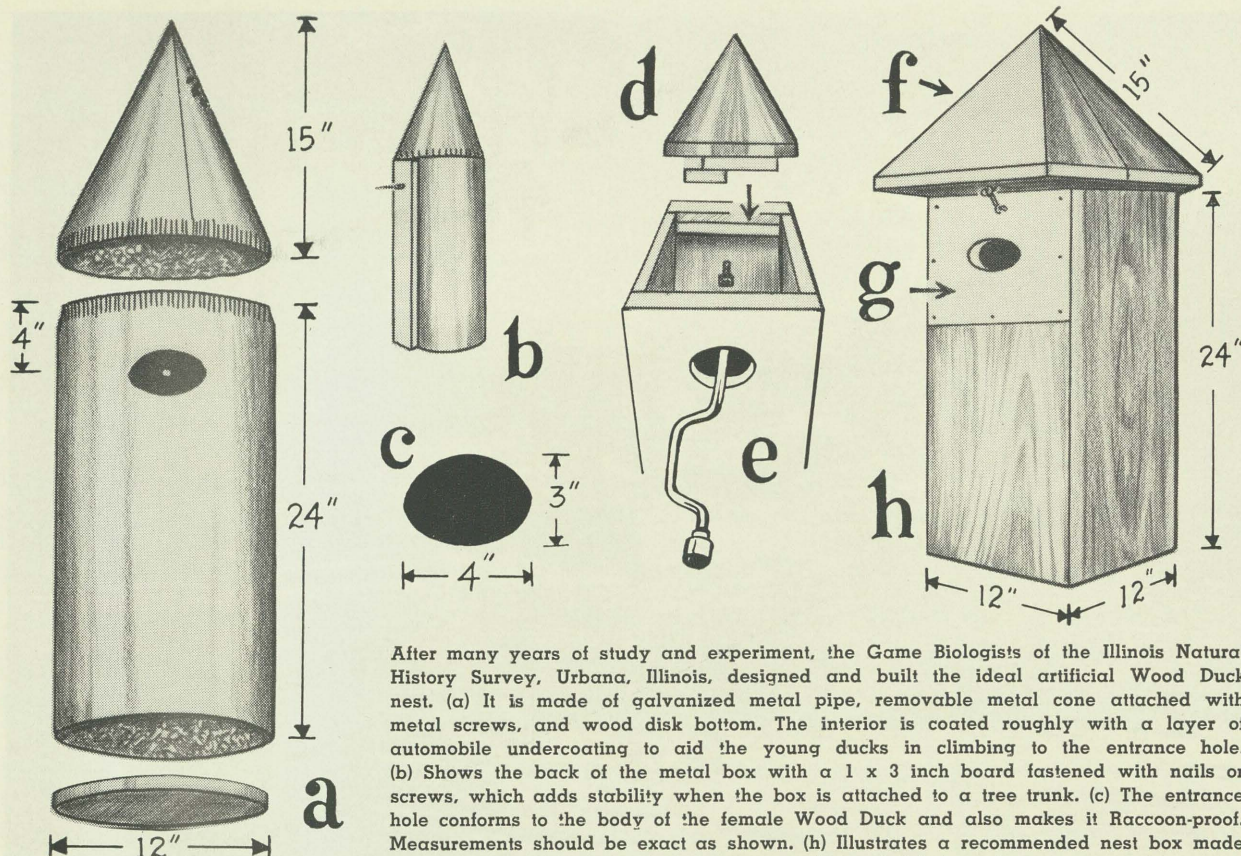


Sometime during late February to early April, the male and female Wood Duck begins looking for a place to set up housekeeping. While the male Woodie waits calmly on a limb nearby, the female inspects a nesting place, a natural cavity in a large tree. The nesting site selected, the female lines the floor of the cavity with down plucked from her breast and begins egg laying. She lays an average of 8 to 15 eggs. After the eggs are laid and incubation begins, the male deserts his mate, leaving her the sole duty of hatching the eggs and caring for the young. Incubation lasts 28-30 days.

UNUSUAL FOR DUCKS, the Wood Duck nests in holes in trees. Most important limiting factor in the abundance of the Woodie is the shortage of nesting places. Found throughout Florida the year around, this, the most beautiful of all waterfowl, will readily nest in properly built, artificial nests in form of man-made boxes. Conservation-minded individuals or groups can perform a useful work by building nest boxes for Wood Ducks.

After hatching and as soon as their down is dry, usually about twenty-four hours, the young leave the nest. Coaxed by the mother, the baby Woodies, one after another, leap from the entrance of the nest to the ground or water below, whichever it may be. Some nest holes are as high as fifty feet up, and regardless of the height or type of landing place, the youngsters accomplish the leap without injury. Some nests are located as much as one-half mile from water, in which case the young follow the mother to the nearest body of water.





After many years of study and experiment, the Game Biologists of the Illinois Natural History Survey, Urbana, Illinois, designed and built the ideal artificial Wood Duck nest. (a) It is made of galvanized metal pipe, removable metal cone attached with metal screws, and wood disk bottom. The interior is coated roughly with a layer of automobile undercoating to aid the young ducks in climbing to the entrance hole. (b) Shows the back of the metal box with a 1 x 3 inch board fastened with nails or screws, which adds stability when the box is attached to a tree trunk. (c) The entrance hole conforms to the body of the female Wood Duck and also makes it Raccoon-proof. Measurements should be exact as shown. (h) Illustrates a recommended nest box made of cypress lumber. A strip of hardware cloth nailed below the entrance hole, on the inside, helps the young climb out. The pyramid-shaped roof (f) should have an overhang of 6 inches at front, 2 3/4 inches at the sides, and 1 1/4 inches at back, and should be covered smoothly with sheet metal. (d) Shows method of attaching roof to box. Lip under at back and lock with hook and eye fastener on outside at front. Area around entrance hole should be covered with a piece of sheet metal to prevent destruction by Raccoons. Covering the entire box with sheet metal will also make it squirrel-proof and help to keep climbing snakes out of the box. (e) Shows method of securing box to tree trunk or pole. Use 4 to 6 inch lag screw. Screw down tightly with speed handle socket wrench. After the box is completely assembled, fill at the bottom with a 3 inch layer of sawdust, wood chips or shavings.

Proper location when putting up the nesting box is very important. Wood Ducks prefer large trees with spreading branches, and like to fly through an open canopy of branches and leaves when going to their nests. They also like to perch on large horizontal limbs at or near the nest site. Place nest boxes 10 to 25 feet up on tree trunks which are situated in the water, at the water's edge, or within 50 to 100 yards from water. Where heavy wave action and strong currents will not push them over, boxes can be placed on poles in the water. Heights of boxes when over water need be only a few feet. Depending upon the duck population of the locality, erect boxes 50 to 100 yards apart, at a rate of not over four per acre. Check and clean out boxes at the end of each nesting season. During the month of January is a good time. If you need advice on where to put up nest boxes contact your nearest Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission Office. Offices in Tallahassee, Panama City, Lake City, Ocala, Lakeland and West Palm Beach.





Cruising the twisting waters of Dunn's Creek, a tributary of the St. Johns River.

Photos By Florida State News Bureau

Florida Boating Adventure

PART 2

By ELGIN WHITE

From Palatka southward to Welaka, Lake George,
Salt Springs and Sanford

THE ST. JOHNS RIVER

THE ENTRANCE TO OUR first side trip, on our cruise up the St. Johns River, was at Beacon 15, the approach to Dunn's Creek. I had often heard of Dunn's Creek when I was living in Jacksonville as a youngster, but always regarded it as some stream winding through a fellow's back yard.

This was far from the case. We turned "Corky II" into the creek, and Johnny and the Galms fell in behind us to photograph the larger cruiser as we wound our way up the twisting waterway.

And twisting it was. Dunn's Creek is not too wide, but there is plenty of water depth. The creek turns like the snake-like cuts of the Suwannee River, and there is little sign of life, save fishing boats nestled into nooks and crannies along the banks all the way to Lake Crescent.

This is wild country. When you look up into the hemlocks and gum trees that line the banks you keep

Shell Harbor is one of Florida's newest marine facilities, located on the river about five miles north of Welaka.

expecting to see Tarzan whip through the vines. I kept an eye out for an alligator, but these creatures were keeping to themselves.

You really can't make good time going up Dunn's Creek. Not only is it a twisting, narrow journey, but with so many fishing boats along the way, the rule of courtesy along the way dictates cutting down your speed. Some of these fishing craft have gunwales that clear the water line by about three inches, and besides, the becalmed occupants of the boats give with a stern look whenever a large sized cruiser meanders their way.

But narrow end twisting though it may be, it's a cruise well worth the time and effort. Here you can really commune with nature. You could take a smaller boat and move up into the "boondocks" of wilderness and get lost. But unless you can speak alligator, it's best to stay out of there.

Just a short way into Dunn's Creek we ran into another waterway that has become well known through the efforts of one of Flor-

ida's leading authors, Marjorie Kinan Rawlings, who wrote "The Yearling." Her book, "Cross Creek," tells the tale of the people of this region of Florida, and a quick trip up the stream, which winds into Dunn's Creek about a mile from the St. Johns, will find the green tropic wilderness of which she wrote. Cross Creek has plenty of depth, as does Dunn's, but the stream is quite narrow in spots and there is a dan-

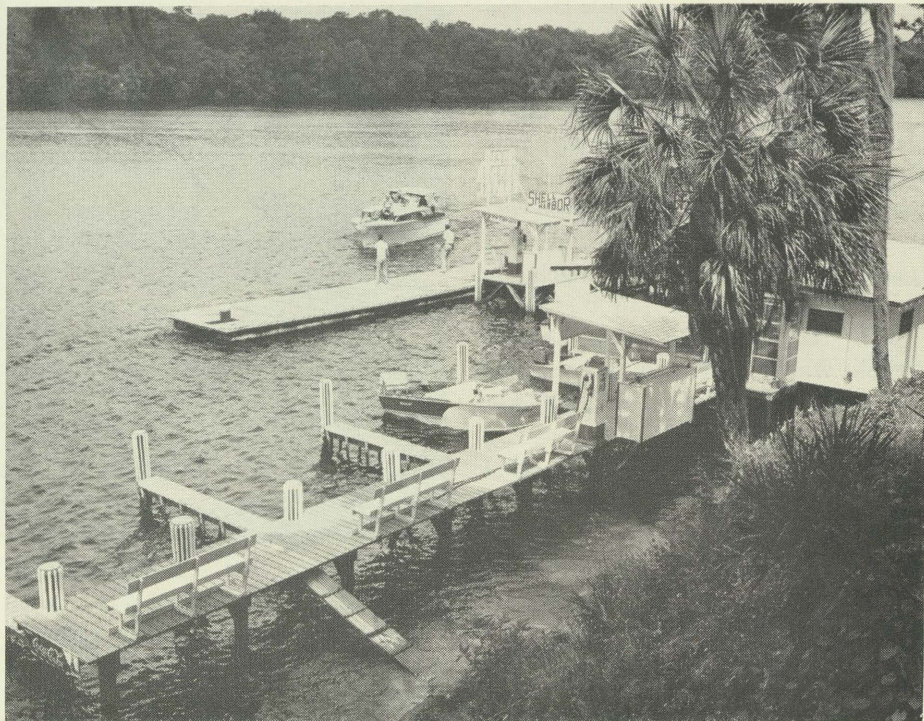
ger of snags. It's better to run in an outboard or smaller boat.

The cruise up Dunn's Creek ended all too soon, and we emerged into Lake Crescent. This large body of water is bass fishing heaven, according to the natives of the area, but since we were boating, not fishing, we headed on down to Crescent City.

There is little in the way of marina facilities at Crescent City. But we did find some more of that Southern hospitality. Comstock noticed the port engine was kicking up, so we pulled into the dock at Crescent City in hopes of finding a repair shop. The only thing on the dock was wooden planks and an inquisitive lad of about 10.

Fortunately, the lad's father was a mechanic. He lived right there on the lake, and was at the dock within 10 minutes. He got into the boat and with a quick eye discovered Clark's engine had blown a coil. Comstock had evidently been a Boy Scout in his youth, for he was prepared. He broke out a new coil, the instrument was attached, and we were on our way back toward's

(Continued on next page)



A view of the St. Johns River and docking facilities at Welaka.



(Continued from preceding page)

Dunn's Creek and Welaka for an overnight rest. The repair job cost us nothing and we were given a hearty "good luck" by the mechanic and his son.

The trip back through Dunn's Creek was uneventful, except for the stern glances that were again thrust our way by the fishermen in the small boats. I could swear that one of those fishermen was in exactly the same pose he was in when we went through two hours earlier. We weren't sure if he was living or dead until we glanced at the stringer of five nice bass in the water. This fellow was living, all right!

On returning to the waters of the St. Johns, we were greeted by a rather strange sight. There, right smack in the middle of the river, was a house on stilts. It appeared to be a rather large house for its kind, perhaps three rooms, and the structure was completely equipped with a sanitary "out back" facility. The lone occupant of the house waved from the front porch as we went by.

"I can't figure the 'facility' in the back by itself," mused Gene.

"Guess this fellow likes his privacy ... even from himself," answered Clark.

We moved on past the "house of seven stilts" (located at Buffalo Point, or Beacon 24 on Chart 686) to a swing railroad bridge with a vertical clearance of just six and one-half feet. Clark gave three blasts on the horn, and we cut down to idling speed to await the opening of the bridge.

Our wait was to be longer than anticipated. A long freight train appeared out of nowhere, and if there's one mode of transportation that will take precedent over a boat, it's a train approaching its crossing. With nothing more to do than kibitz while the long freight lumbered across, we counted the cars. Counting the five engines, the train numbered 192 freight cars and a caboose.

Comstock, who sells bottle caps for a living, commented, "I wish that was an order of bottle caps on the way to its destination!"

The train finally struggled out of sight, and we continued on to our first night's stop—Welaka.

This part of the St. Johns, with near-by Oklawaha River, is perhaps the most beautiful spot on the entire river. The lodges and fishing camps around Welaka call the small town the "Bass Capital of the World," and they are probably right. With the creeks, springs, estuaries, streams, and nearby lakes, the Welaka area reeks with tropical beauty. It's a fisherman's paradise and a boatman's heaven. You can't get much better than that.

We pulled in at Sportsman's Lodge, and were greeted by host Carl Shirk. This transplanted "Yankee" has been here but a few short months, but has already adopted the casual life of the natives of the region, and he's a whiz on Southern hospitality.

The whole waterfront around Sportsman's Lodge and nearby Andersen's Lodge was buzzing with boats of all sizes, shapes, and descriptions. The Jacksonville Power Squadron was having a weekend stag jaunt, and life was quite merr-y, to say the least.

Shirk made arrangements for us at the Lodge, and for one who has never been here before, this place is a revelation in modern fishing and boating at its best. The lodge is a

magnificent, Colonial type structure, complete with a modern marina, rental boats, a swimming pool, and a newly added "Tall Tales House," where the lovers of good food and the convivial cup gather.

Other lodges in the area are as complete as Sportsman's. Andersen's, which is just about 500 yards south of Shirk's place, is another piscatorial palace that makes modern fishing just plain easy. And about five miles north of Sportsman's is a newly established campsite called Shell Harbor, with modern cabins, a complete marina, and as snug a harbor for boats of all sizes that you would ever find.

Lodges, camps, motels, and dock space completely line the St. Johns from Welaka to the entrance to big Lake George. Modern man has added to the natural beauty that Mother Nature endowed here, and the end result has made Welaka truly a sportsman's paradise.

We got up early the next morning for the run up the Oklawaha in Jack's outboard. Clark wanted to check "Corky II" and declined to make the run up the twisting tributary, but Jane decided to ride along with Jack and Ruth in the "Bettye Jo." Shirk agreed to take Johnny and me in one of his boats so we could get some good pictures of the "Bettye Jo" in the narrows of the Oklawaha.

I felt that Clark actually wanted to go up the river, but he was a little on the nervous side when it

came to guiding a 27-footer along that twisting route. "The water is deep enough," Shirk told him, "But the currents are tricky sometimes, and there are some snags that aren't visible or marked on charts." That convinced him. He decided to work on the boat at the dock.

The entrance to the Oklawaha is not easy to find. When we got to Beacon 52 (chart 687), we made a hard turn to starboard and followed a set of stick markers into the channel of the Oklawaha. If you make this jaunt, be sure you turn to starboard BEFORE you get to the marker. There is what appears to be another entrance just past 52, but that's a mirage. The whole area is full of snags and shallows.

Once we got into the waters of the Oklawaha, we turned into another world. The deep running water gurgled along banks of lush greenery that was etched in water hyacinths. The gnarled roots of trees that seemed to belong to another age groped along the watery edge, seemingly intent not to give up a death struggle with the incessant surge of water.

The Oklawaha is so twisting that you will meet yourself coming back. The sharp turns, though not naturally hazardous, are nevertheless a little dangerous at times. These times are when the new breed of outboard "cowboys" come tearing around the bend like bats out of Hades.

There is no warning when such an occurrence might take place, though it is rare. Shirk told of one incident not too long ago when a group of "cowboys" heading west towards Silver Springs ran into a herd of aqua sports heading east. They met at a sharp bend on the Oklawaha, and pandemonium reigned supreme. Boats took to the banks like rats deserting a sinking ship, and the confusion was a sight to behold. Luckily, no one was injured, but there were some white faces and some palpitating hearts when the buzz of engines had died into a drowned-out murmur.

We kept a weather eye peeled for such a troupe of cowboys, but fortunately only chanced to meet one. This speedster came tearing through the waters like a rocket and passed us as if we were backing up. He didn't bat an eye as he passed, nor did we . . . ours were closed!

The fascinating beauty of the Oklawaha entranced us, and we would have loved to have continued all the way to fabulous Silver Springs, some 60 miles distant, but time would not allow it. We grudgingly turned around and twisted our way back to Welaka and the lodge. As I noticed the narrow beauty of the Oklawaha, I was indeed surprised to learn from Carl that back around the turn of the century 80-foot stern wheelers used to ply these same waters, bringing lumber from a loading dock at Sil-

ver Springs all the way up to Jacksonville. It seemed hardly possible that these vessels could negotiate this route, but I saw pictures that proved it.

We spent the rest of that day journeying southward to the entrance of Lake George. There was one more attraction local natives had been telling us about that we wanted to see.

As we approached Beacon 65, we saw the docks of old Fort Gates on the west bank of the river. Some 200 yards into the hinterland from the dock stood an antebellum structure that had withstood the ravages of time, and seemed to be in as good condition today as when it was built, some years before the War Between the States.

This, then, was the Fort Gates where famed Confederate Surgeon General Gates performed near miraculous feats of surgery on wounded soldiers, both Rebel and Yank. Old Fort Gates is a gingerbread, gabled structure of green and white trim, and is as neat as a pin. Though we didn't stop to investigate the place, guides in the area said that visitors are quite welcome to tour the structure. It would be an interesting journey, indeed, particularly for those with an inclination for history.

Meanwhile, back at the lodge, Comstock had evidently gotten "Corky II" perking on all 12 cylinders, and we saw him plowing towards us as we made the return run to Welaka. Clark pulled alongside and told us about another antebellum structure about nine miles north of the lodge and said we ought to go take a close look. We were all for it, and got "Bettye Jo" into high gear.

This lovely place which Comstock mentioned was of similar structure to Fort Gates. The old dock and boat house on the river were constructed during the days when pad-

(Continued on Page 38)



Heading out on to Lake George is just like going into the ocean.



Something rustling the brush — but what? This time it was wild game; too often brush-noise is another hunter.

By
EDMUND McLAURIN

Hunters trained in
safe gun handling
are not likely to
cause accidents

WE MUST FACE THE FACTS

UNDENIABLY, IN DEER hunting being at the right place at the right time constitutes a considerable measure of one's seasonal hunting luck. This is particularly true of the first hours of Opening Day.

For that important date of the 1961-62 season, I had long planned to hunt a section of the Ocala National Forest practically inaccessible except by slow, determined walking.

But a maze of merging and criss-crossing fresh deer tracks off Forest roads No. 88 and 75, discovered during a scouting trip the afternoon before Opening Day, caused me to change my plans. I was in the newly chosen area and settled down long before daylight.

However, a legion of other hunters evidently had the same idea. When daylight came, the area was densely populated.... The smart deer had simply moved out as the noisy horde moved in!

Shortly after daylight another hunter entered the woods and took a position some sixty yards from me. He was accompanied by his wife and two small children, although he was obviously the only hunter in the family. Aside from the noise resulting from their restlessness and inability to refrain from loud talking, no harm was done—especially to the deer!

Later the same day, and on other days of the deer season, I encoun-

tered family units, armed 100% with either shotguns or high power rifles. Especially numerous were youngsters of anywhere from ten to fifteen years of age. Also represented were many licensed young hunters between the ages of sixteen and nineteen.

Here again, there was nothing either illegal or morally wrong. Undoubtedly, a father takes pride in hunting with son, as does a young husband with his wife.

But as these young—and mostly inexperienced—hunters lined Florida's forest roads and took stands in deep woods, the stage was being set for tragedies that would bring lifetime sorrow to many.

Hunting fun is dampened when you have to worry about the possibility of being some careless hunter's target.

The curtain was not long in rising on a modern, statewide version of the Battle of the Big Horn. . . .

In his haste to down his first deer, a youngster shot his father fatally as the latter came back along a trail to join the boy for lunch!

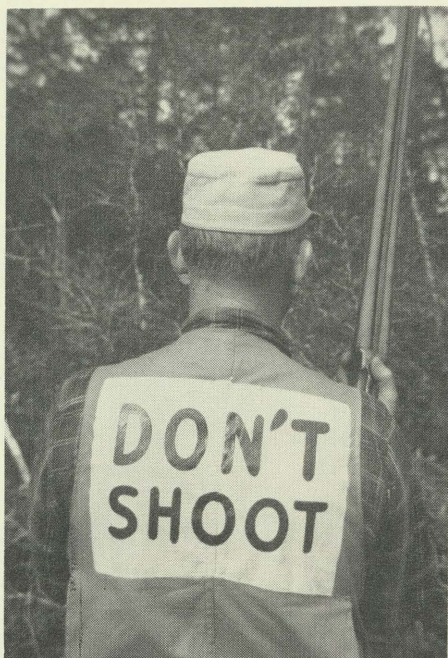
In another instance a father and son saw something move in the brush. Wisely, the father advocated withholding gunfire until the target could be positively identified. But the anxiety and imagination of the 13-year old proved of stronger influence. . . . "Shoot, daddy! It's a deer!" the boy whispered excitedly. The father did — and killed a young boy about the same age as his own son!

Near Inverness, a teenage hunter put a shotgun slug through his brother's chest when he mistakenly concluded that the rustling heard in nearby brush was a deer. Another fatality was added to the hunting tragedies Florida records every hunting season.

Two personal, though less gruesome, episodes also merit mention. .

I had taken a stand of early morning on the side of a ridge overlooking a valley of scrub and palmettoes. About ten o'clock a teenage hunter entered the sector and took position fifty yards from my spot, facing me. I was wearing a bright red cap and, although motionless, felt sure the hunter saw me. After about an hour, I moved ever so slightly—and immediately found myself under fire from a .30-06 Garand! Three shots zipped overhead and plowed bark from trees before my loud yelling brought a halt to the barrage! Even then, the young hunter was seemingly reluctant to lower his rifle, after his startling discovery that I was **not** a deer. He later told me that he was sure the first seen movement was a deer, and that my yelling didn't tie in at all—so he just kept on shooting!

Again, a companion and I were



riding one of the boundary roads of the Citrus Game Management Area during one of the special gun hunts of the 1961 season, when a rifle cracked and a bullet ricocheted off a tree just ahead of the car. Almost simultaneously a fleeing doe slipped under the boundary fence's lowest strand of barbed wire, leaving a tuft of hair in confirmation, as a youngster with rifle rushed toward the fence. Hunting on privately owned adjacent acreage, he had jumped the doe from her hiding place in the waist high grass, and had fired without waiting to determine whether or not the animal was legal



Unless the rising casualty rate is checked, it is highly probable many persons may give up hunting as being too risky a sport.

game, and without consideration for the approaching car which he admitted he had seen coming along the fence. . . .

This is not another firearms safety article; instead, it is intended to be frank recognition of two growing problems, their contributory causes and—hopefully—possible solution.

The first problem stems directly from our own expanding population. There are more hunters afield—specifically, more young, inexperienced hunters—than ever before, and the number swells each year. Whereas, once a man might hunt all day without seeing a rival, today there is seemingly standing room only in many popular hunting areas.

As more and more privately owned acreage is posted against public hunting—Problem No. 2—concentrations on remaining unposted land and Game Commission-managed public hunting areas become greater and more evident. Unless some workable solutions can be advanced and successfully adopted, the two-phase situation is sure to become worse as we approach the 1970 census. . . .

American boys evidently inherit a love for guns and for hunting.

As a long-time Boy Scout leader and as a National Rifle Association firearms instructor, I work directly with youngsters. I like them, and believe I recall enough of my own youth to really understand their ambitions and emotional reactions. I know that a serious, properly trained youngster can usually be depended upon when given clearly understood responsibility.

This last season, more than four million boys and girls between the ages of 12 and 17 carried guns in quest of game. There'll be more afield next season, simply because each year there are more families hunting. In fact, many households are putting every able-bodied gun-toter afield, to increase chances of bringing home meat, especially venison. To them, hunting is basically a matter of putting unneeded meat on the table, or earning the right to (Continued on next page)

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pridefully boast, "Johnny shot a deer!"

There is nothing wrong with this free thinking except that it tends to annually put a growing army of young, untrained hunters afield, often where dangerous hunter concentrations already exist.

The average youngster needs more than just a few minutes of gun safety instruction and shared hunting techniques to be a safe hunter. Many, who are quite dependable in supervised sports, lack the necessary sense of responsibility and exercised caution when given a big game weapon and are left on a deer runway. . . .

Annual statistics cannot be refuted. They show more hunters afield and more hunting accidents each season. They also prove that the untrained teenage hunter is responsible for the majority of fatal hunting accidents.

Statistics show that faster than Game Commissions can acquire public hunting lands, the private land-tract owners are posting their property against hunting. As already stated, this results in unnaturally heavy hunting pressure on remaining available acreage. Fifty or more hunters per square mile, as is often the case in the Ocala National Forest and other popular deer hunting areas, is too heavy a concentration for personal safety. The danger factor becomes more serious when a large percentage of the hunters are young and untrained.

The problem, therefore, is two phase—lessening hunting pressure by having more available public hunting land, and pre-season training of young hunters especially.

As the "No Hunting" signs go up on privately owned Florida land, many disappointed, duly licensed, responsible hunters feel they are being given a raw deal. They maintain that their responsibility should be recognized, and that hunting by permission only should be permitted on privately owned land.

Some even go so far as to declare that the Florida Legislature should follow the example of the Alberta



The future of public hunting on privately-owned land depends greatly on landowners recognizing responsible hunters. . . . But under what logical plan?

(Canada) Fish and Game people and declare by enacted law that private land carrying "No Hunting!" signs automatically become game sanctuaries, closed to even owner hunting, unless shared with licensed sportsmen who respectfully request permission to hunt. Game belongs to the people, not the landowner, the sportsmen maintain. They also claim "Hunting By Permission Only" signs should replace the present "Keep Off—No Hunting—No Trespassing!" placards.

At the same time, the side of the landowner or farmer must be considered. Understandably, he cannot continue to have his land invaded, his fences torn down, crops trampled, stock injured and his costly land investment otherwise abused.

Well-populated Florida is not alone in this problem of strained relations between the average landowner and hunter. Even the prairie states of Wyoming and Idaho face this unfortunate controversial situation. Somewhere—somehow—a mutually satisfactory solution must be found.

Present Florida game regulations, among other things, specify that all resident children under 15 are exempt from having to purchase a hunting license in order to hunt.

To use the special, Game Commission supervised areas—the Ocala National Forest and Richloam acreage, for example—young hunters need only the supplementary \$5.00 Area Permit.

Undoubtedly, the privilege of a youngster being able to go afield without purchasing a license is a primary reason why so many families are permitting virtually untrained youngsters to participate in big game hunting—that, and the urge to put venison on the table, no matter what.

Some veteran hunters claim the developing army of unlicensed young hunters creates unfair competition for duly licensed hunters, whose license fees finance game management operations. Proponents may have a point there.

While there still is reluctance on the part of impaneled juries to hold parents financially responsible for an unfortunate hunting accident brought about by faulty gun handling or bad judgment on the part of "Junior," the pendulum is starting to swing the other way. Of record are numerous costly judgments, the result of determined legal action by victims or their survivors.

Already legislators in some states are considering a somewhat harsh,

but practical, approach to the problem of establishing both legal responsibility for hunting fatalities and reducing their number. . . . In simple language, they propose modification of existing laws applying to negligent homicide and personal responsibility, so that the provisions apply to everyone alike. Knowing that any fatality or injury he might inflict will not be legally dismissed as "an unfortunate hunting accident" will have great influence on hunters and on applied hunting safety, is their contention.

Legally potent—if only it were better recognized and enforced—is Florida Law 790.22. This statute prohibits the use of a rifle by any child under sixteen years of age "unless such use is under the supervision and *in the presence of an adult.*"

The law means exactly what it says, and there is no provision whereby a parent can legally give a youngster a high power rifle, then leave him on a deer stand to hunt on his own! The lawyers who take legal action on behalf of gun accident victims or families suffering as a result of a careless act by a young, untrained hunter have a strong case when the described law is cited.

Game Commissions, generally dependent on hunting license revenue to finance operations, are facing a serious situation—and not one of their making, at that.

It is highly probable that an unchecked rising casualty rate will cause many persons to give up hunting as simply being too risky sport. As TRUE MAGAZINE once comment-

ed, "If hunters' own estimates of their chances of being shot at do not eventually keep them out of the woods, increasing protests and pressures of dependent loved ones will."

Already many old-timers are hanging up their beloved guns, and no longer purchasing hunting licenses. Others continue to hunt, but flatly refuse to take their chances in certain hunter-congested areas. A typical example is a good friend, a deer hunter of known enthusiasm; he irrevocably refuses to accompany me on hunts to the Ocala National Forest during the first nine days of the deer hunting season! He bluntly says half the eager deer hunters out the first week are trigger happy, and that many of the highly competitive remaining half react entirely too slowly in identifying his red hunting cap as human attire, even when the other hunter's weapon is scope-sight equipped. His opinions were not formed lightly!

Aside from the fact that many of the young, inexperienced hunters also may be suffering from uncorrected near-sightedness or other deviation from the degree of vision needed to properly identify objects quickly, there is the added danger threat from the 8 per cent of hunters of all ages and experience who are color blind. For them, the safety red worn by another hunter holds no meaning.

Because of the magnification and definition it gives to targets, a scope sight undoubtedly helps reduce the possibility of shooting another hunter "by mistake." However, all too frequently scopes are used as substitutes for binoculars to locate companions on nearby stands or study their movements. Being "glasses" with a scope-mounted, loaded rifle isn't funny at all to another hunter! It is potentially dangerous, whatever the degree of gun control. Scope sights are for game only. For other viewing—especially if there is doubt—a hunter should use a good pair of binoculars.

Field research shows that the actual age of a teenage hunter is no rule of thumb as to whether he

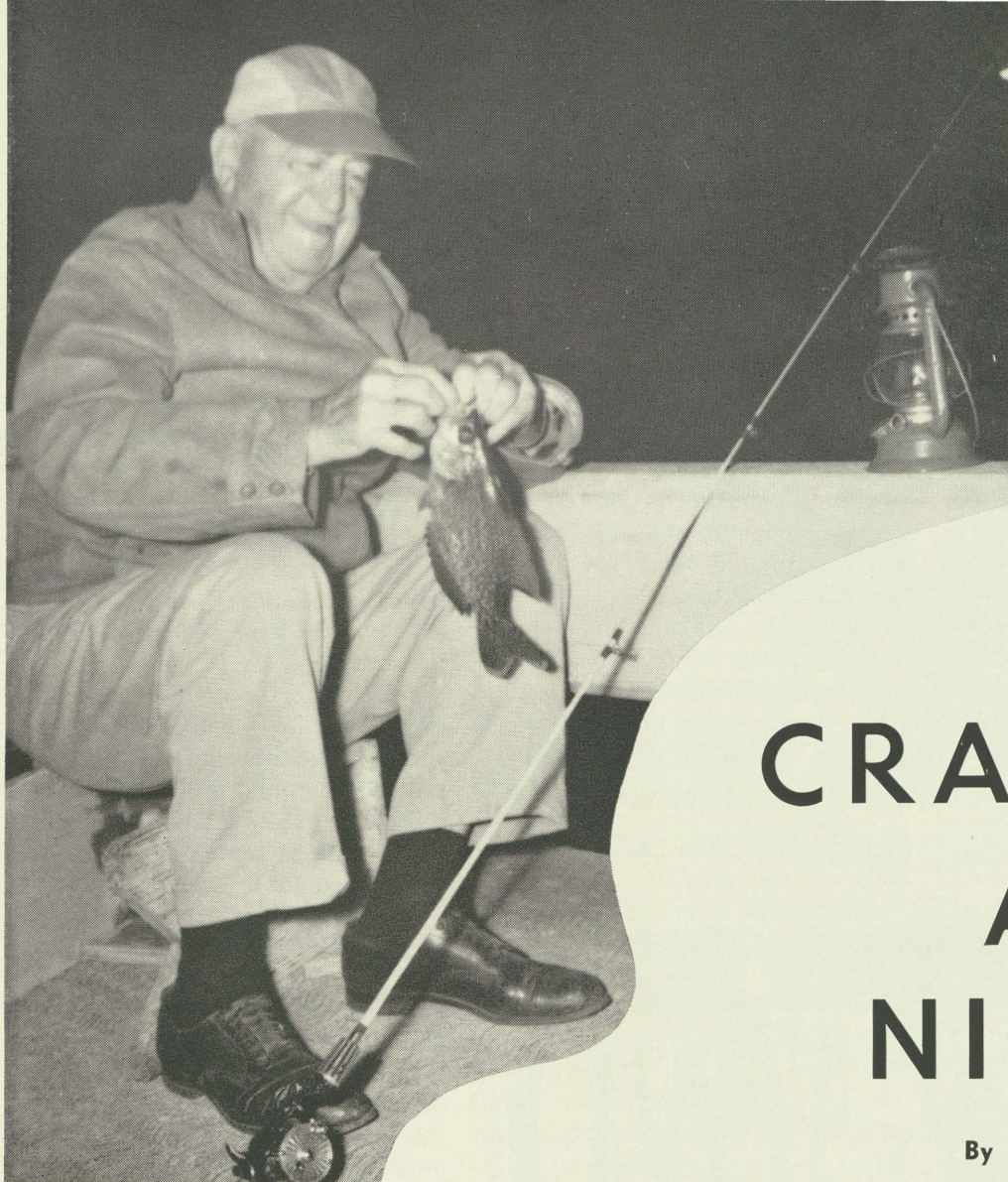
(Continued on Page 33)



Numerous Florida trapshooting ranges offer opportunity for learning basic shotgun handling. Many now sponsor special Hunter Safety courses.



Supervised firing helps shooters become familiar with gun actions and loading operations, reduces personal accident hazard.



The author's father unhooks a fair-size crappie. Tackle must be sturdy enough to winch catch onto the bridge.

Hang a bright
light from a
handy bridge and
you're all set
to catch . . .

CRAPPIES AT NIGHT

By ART HUTT

SUSPENDED A FOOT ABOVE the water, the gasoline lantern cast a harsh light onto the ripples below. A trail of midges, lured to a liquid death, traced an irregular line across the water, disappearing into the downwind darkness. Directly below the lantern, a school of small minnows milled about, enamored of the lantern's glare. Farther down the bridge, other lanterns gave off their fire-fly twinkle.

Then, my plastic float bounced nervously in the stark light. Slowly and purposefully, it gracefully sank from view. Jolted from the hypnosis of bright light and moving water, I tightened the line and felt the gratifying resistance of a crappie. In a moment, the silvery fish was mine, unceremoniously hoisted some fifteen feet onto the concrete bridge. A wet burlap sack took over from there. Here and there, other fish flashed along the length of the bridge as they were reeled upward.

Bright-light, night-fishing for crappies, not yet peaked in popularity, has a compelling appeal for the expert and the amateur. For the blase sophisticate, it offers fishing under a different set of rules and conditions. It adds to his repertoire of experiences and

knowledges. A beginner needs no special talent to coax a crappie to his hook. Ideally this fishing dovetails into a day-worker's schedule, letting him have his crappie and eat it, too.

And, while night-time fishing does not exclude the use of a boat, that set of anglers who do not particularly want to be *on* the water at night have no special fears of fishing *over* it from a steady, dry bridge or dock. For them, it is made to order.

The magnetic effect of a bright light on many species of fish is no mystery. Actually, it is not the lure of the light alone that attracts them. It usually takes only minutes for a school of minnows to collect. And where there is an abundance of bait, there is typically an abundance of larger fish to prey upon them. A baited hook in the immediate area is bound to attach itself to something eventually. A bass, perhaps. Or possibly a bluegill. But most often a crappie.

Crappies seem especially light-prone. From first-hand experiences I know this method of fishing for them also works in Ohio, and Tennessee; in fact, most likely in all the states in which this fish occurs, which includes the majority of states east of the Mississippi

and quite a number west of it. I'd guess, however, that the sport is at its best in Florida where it can be practiced the year around in reasonable comfort. Crappies are abundant, too, which helps.

Being somewhat chicken at heart, most of my fishing has been confined to the balmy nights. I've heard tell, though, that the cool windy nights are frequently the best. Hardy anglers prepare for it, even to the extent of placing a heater under the stool they sit on. Within a loose outer coat, the warm air travels upward and makes for real comfort. One thing about cool weather fishing—the mosquitoes aren't flying!

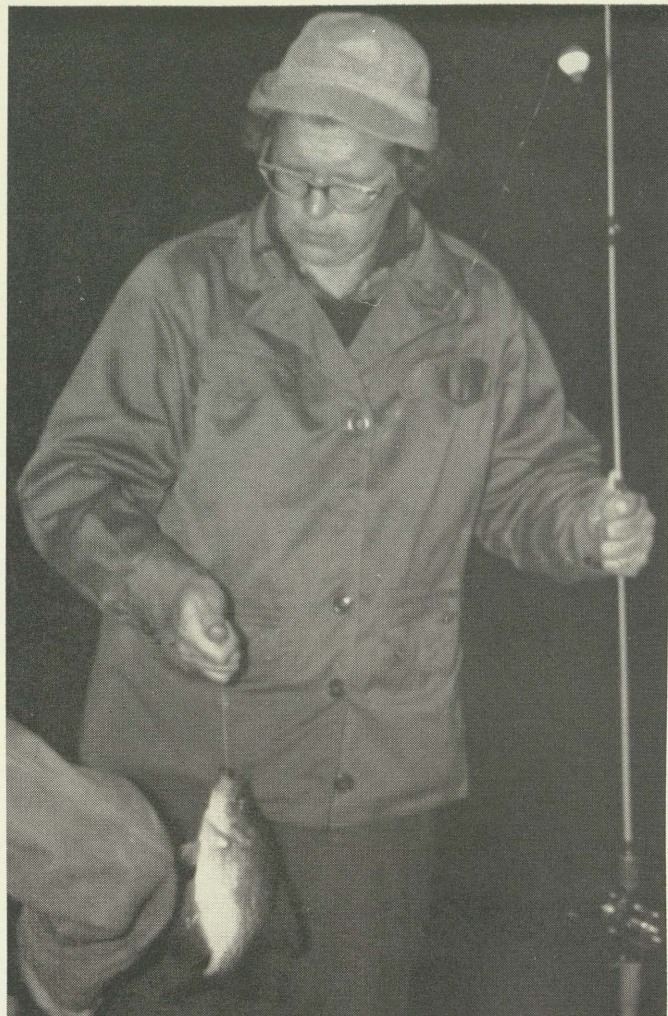
Regarding tackle and techniques, neither are very complex. If a complexity exists, it lies in how far you want to go into the accessories.

In the basics, though, we get along fine with a spinning or casting rig. About the only requirement is that it be sturdy enough to manhandle a two-pound crappie some fifteen feet skyward without undue strain on the gear. We like the clip-on, red-and-white float as its shiny, white, top surface is easy to keep track of. Terminal tackle consists of a split shot and a No. 4 hook. And the minnow, of course. We hang our single-burner gas lantern on a ski-towing rope, much stronger than needed but used because it is handy. The rest of our equipment consists of a flashlight, a wet burlap bag to keep the fish fresh, and the bucket of minnows. We haven't worried about getting that five-pound bass or catfish aboard on light monofilament. We'll have to cross that one when we get to it.

And, of course, you adjust your equipment to the height over the water you are fishing. Your problems are lessened when you are on a low dock, increased when you are on a high bridge.

Frequently it takes some experimenting to keep your minnow swimming at the same depth as the crappies. As a general rule, start close to the bottom

This moonlit photo shows angler waiting action on the Howey Bridge. White streaks caused by passing cars.



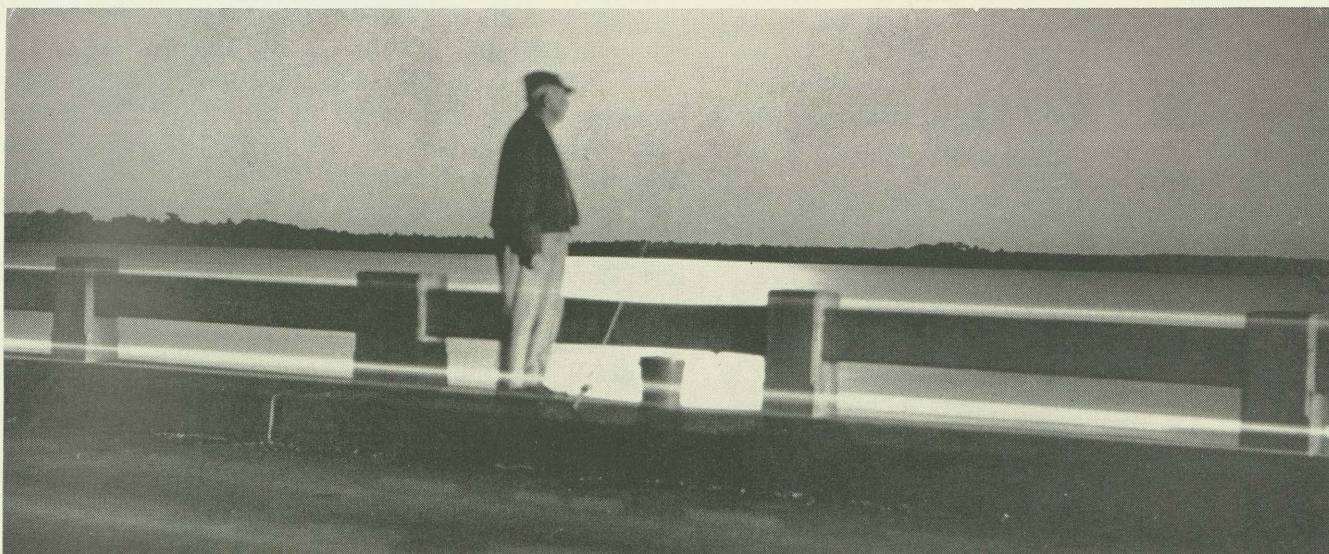
Crappies are chief nocturnal nibblers although bass, bluegills and catfish frequently strike, too.

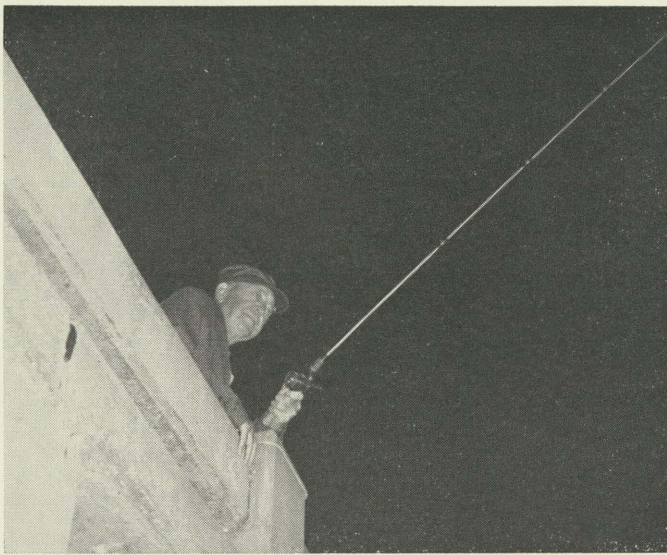
and work up. When you connect, stay with it.

Lake Shipp at Winter Haven is one of the better bodies of water where you can night-fish. The L-dock at Eustis is frequently a hotspot.

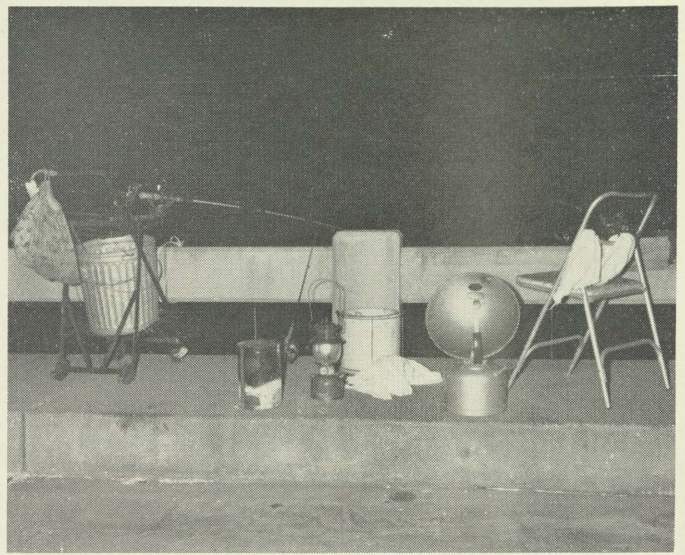
But best, in my opinion, is the Howey Bridge, that

(Continued on next page)





A crappie-eye view of a night fisherman. Sport has not yet reached its height in popularity.



Put yourself in this chair for convenient fishing, complete with everything . . . the works!

(Continued from preceding page)

portion of Rt. 19 which cuts across Little Lake Harris between Tavares and Howey. Here, night-fishing has been developed to its finest. Anglers trek from as far as the Tampa-St. Pete area to spend a couple of hours or the night there. Natives fish it year around and are rewarded with crappies in every month of the year, with the emphasis on March, April, and May.

A half-mile long, this two-laned concrete structure spans water some eight to fifteen feet in depth. A four-foot raised walkway and a low railing are safety features. On a good night, fifteen to twenty-five lanterns light the water beneath it; twice that number of hopeful anglers peer over its edge.

Although we fish it successfully with our minimum equipment, accessories used here by others could well set a pattern for night forays elsewhere. Undoubtedly, specialization adds to the pleasure and to the take.

I'll admit there have been times when we've sniffed with envy the aroma of fresh-brewing coffee bubbling on the camp stove of the group next to us. I've yet to smell fresh-frying fish but I know it's going to happen some night. Chairs, heaters, extra lanterns, containers for fish—all are a part of the refined bridge fisherman's outfit.

A man and wife from Plant City have gear worth description. When we fish and our lantern hangs directly below the bridge, we've noted how neck-straining and downright awkward it is to keep our bobbars in view. Some kind of arm to hold the lantern out from the bridge would be ideal.

These Plant City anglers have it figured out. They've welded together several iron rods and fashioned a bracket to hold the rig to the concrete railing. At the tip of the holder, about six feet out, is a pulley which accommodates the line for the lan-

tern. With this set-up, they can stand or sit and still watch, comfortably, the action of their floats.

Their other equipment includes a small garbage can on wheels to haul the fish, huge C-clamps to hold a board to the railing on which rod holders can be clamped, a fuel oil heater, another heater fashioned out of five-quart oil can with holes in the bottom and charcoal within, and for heavy fish, a round net on a rope similar to the rigs used on salt-water fishing piers. Their pair of two-burner lanterns have garbage can lids bolted to their tops, and painted white underneath for more reflection below and less glare above. And they catch fish, too.

A cane pole can be used from a high bridge by taping a wire hook near its butt. Caught in a loop of rope around a bridge piling, the pole hangs tip down, ready for a bite and easily freed when it does come along.

At the Howey Bridge, anglers have so much paraphernalia that they sometimes haul it out to their fishing spot in a child's four-wheel wagon. Or sometimes, if the traffic isn't too heavy, they hurriedly unload their car on the bridge, and one person hustles it down to the parking lot at the end of the bridge once it is unloaded. A little risky, perhaps. but if carefully times, safe enough.

Speaking of risk, there is some danger involved fishing so close to whizzing cars and trucks, such as on the Howey Bridge, yet the danger is so obvious that the awareness of it makes it safe in itself.

Practically any body of water, if it has them in it at all, can produce crappies at night. Still uncommonly done, territories are wide open, with a list of hotspots yet to be discovered. If you have a favorite daytime spot, give it a lick at night, from boat or bridge.

Just maybe you'll never have it so good! ●

WE MUST FACE FACTS

(Continued from Page 29)

should take to the field with his Dad or with friends. It is instilled sense of responsibility, through pre-hunting season training, that counts.

Statistics show that accidents among young hunters who have participated in a serious, embrative course of firearms instruction are few. Trained hunters, conscious of the cardinal rules of safe gun handling and the need for positive target identification before trigger is pulled, are not the ones who shoot at noises or movements in the brush, or otherwise release wild shots. It is the untrained young hunter who is apt to show lack of maturity and good sense.

For some time the Florida Game Commission as been cognizant of the growing problems of loss of public hunting acreage and the alarming number of accidents involving young hunters as principals. Every effort has been made to open new hunting areas to compensate for land losses caused by industrial expansion and other factors. At the same time, the Commission has sponsored and encouraged a statewide public service hunting safety program, in cooperation with the National Rifle Association and Florida sportsmen's groups. Only recently, likeable Jim Reed, Game Commission field official, has undertaken expansion of the firearms education program during coming months. . . . However viewed, it is obvious that the Florida Game Commission is doing all it can to preserve hunting as a wholesome, recreational sport.

What can be done additionally?

Game Commission officials, land tract owners or lessees, and representatives of the Florida Wildlife Federation and the Florida Outdoor Writers Association should sit in session at some central meeting point with the idea of determining what can be done to make some of the presently posted Florida land open to public hunting. Certain

owners or lessees of large land tracts have expressed willingness to cooperate, provided some way can be found to protect their investments against fire loss and/or vandalism.

Perhaps the very successful farmer-hunter relationship plan enjoyed in California can be experimentally tried in Florida. In that state, privately owned land is opened to public hunting in return for assured proper supervision and indemnification against property damage and livestock losses. The responsible hunter is recognized, and a governing Board of sportsmen, as well as policing within ranks, protects both the plan and cooperating landowners against abuses. To pay possible claims, group insurance is carried, each hunter paying a proportionate fee and carrying afield an identification card (matched to hunting license data) showing his enrollment in the plan. To date, less than half a dozen claims have had to be paid to cooperating landowners. Of the number paid, practically all have been re-collected in some measure by the governing Board, acting directly against irresponsible or careless individuals jeopardizing the program.

The Firearms and Hunting Safety Program in Florida should be stepped up by expansion so that it

reaches the most persons, where most needed, and embraces every available volunteer leader among the state's vast number of organized sportsmen's group.

Worthy of study is the firearms education program, successfully operated in the State of New Hampshire. There, firearms safety instruction has been carried right into high schools throughout the state. Under the plan, trained Game Commission personnel qualified at least one teacher in each high school as an NRA Instructor, following completion of a training course. Each of these trained teachers, in turn, has since conducted classes in safe gun handling. Present courses consist of a minimum of four hours of theory and demonstration, especially in respect to hunting safety.

The only opposition has been the occasional unfounded claim of some mothers that "the schools are trying to make a soldier of my boy." However, personal attendance by parents during class instruction hours has served to put the program in its true light. In fact, interest on the adult level has been so great that three of New Hampshire's high schools have had to start separate classes especially for interested parents.

Although operating only a short time, the New Hampshire hunter education plan has been gratifyingly successful. Beneficial results are also being reflected by a remarkable reduction in that state's firearms accidents.

The hunting season in Florida is now over—but there is no closed season on farmer-sportsmen relationships and for firearms education. The time to prepare for better and safer hunting next Fall is now and in the months between. The problems of finding a place to hunt, then enjoying safe hunting, can be solved. But it's going to take all-out effort, much of it volunteer. . . . Won't you help? . . . Unless growing problems are frankly faced, the sport of hunting—as we have long known and enjoyed it—may become a memory. ●



"They're still arguing over who shot that deer during the season."

BOATING



BY
DON
CULLIMORE

ELECTROLYSIS HAS BEEN a bagaboo to boatmen, particularly those operating in salt water, ever since electrical equipment was introduced on watercraft. Because of the generally prevailing differences between inboard and outboard boats, it has, until recently, been primarily a problem to cope with in inboard installation.

With the rapidly expanding use of electronic equipment on outboard craft however, and especially under saltwater conditions, it is of increasing concern to outboard owners.

Electrolysis is "chemical decomposition by the action of an electric current." It can occur in either fresh or salt water, but is much more severe in its destructive effects in salt water, where it occurs more rapidly. It compounds the ill effects of saltwater corrosion, and may occur where construction otherwise is virtually impervious to saltwater effects. It strikes at that part of the outboard which is in the water during engine operation—the lower unit and in particular the gearcases. (Outboards otherwise are manufactured with metallic components that resist normal saltwater corrosion).

I had been encountering increasing reports of this problem, particularly in the larger, well-equipped outboard craft used for offshore

fishing. Not being a chemical or electrical engineer, I was glad of a recent opportunity to discuss it with some experts in the field—engineers of Evinrude motors, who had been making some intensive studies along this line.

Conditions that create electrolysis often occur with the installation of radios, depth sounders, direction finders and the like. They also may stem from electric motors used to operate bait wells and bilge pumps.

In most instances, the engineers found, electrolysis was caused either by lack of a ground plate (to eliminate the current flow) or by improper hookup of the plate.

The ground plate is a metallic plate—it may be of various shapes—affixed to the bottom of the boat in a position where it remains continuously in the water. In hookup recommended by Evinrude engineers, it is connected by direct wire to the negative pole of the battery. It's as simple as that (see illustration.)

Grounding plates are normally available through marine hardware or radio dealers. For installation on the outboard boat, you will require one with a minimum rated area equal to 12 square feet of exposed area. (This doesn't mean the ground plate itself covers a 12-ft. area—they

are not large—but that it is *rated* to provide that degree of grounding protection. If this sounds confused, just ask for plate so rated and don't worry with the technical explanation. Grounding plates providing the required protection may be as small as 3 3/4" in diameter and 1/4" thick).

Emphasis was placed on hooking the ground plate directly to the negative pole of the battery, and *not* to the ground of the electrical equipment being used. This direct connection prevents voltage drop between the engine and ground plate.

* * *

More new product disclosures came with opening of the New York National Motor Boat Show in January. Noteworthy among these was announcement by Mercury that it is offering inboard/outboard ("outdrive") package units—engines and stern drive—in four sizes, ranging from 110 to 310 horsepower. They employ conventional 4-cycle marine engines in conjunction with the MerCruiser stern drive. The stern drive unit for 110-140 h.p. engines (drive only, for use with 4-cycle engines of other manufacture) was announced last year. To this, the firm now adds a second, larger stern drive ranging up to the 310-h.p. capacity.

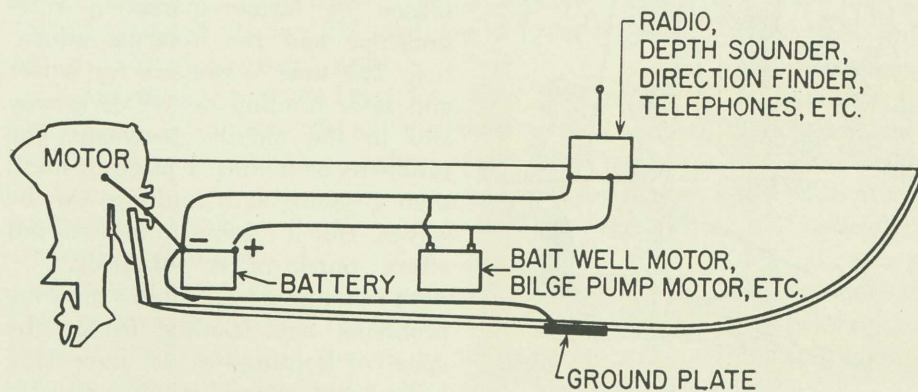
The four "package" combinations—which will be sold both through marine dealers and as original equipment through boat builders—are:

MerCruiser Marine 4, 110 h.p., 4 cylinders in line;

MerCruiser Marine 6, 140-h.p., 6 cylinders in line;

and MerCruiser Marine 8 in two power sizes, 225 and 310-h.p., employing V-8 engines.

The Mercury announcement takes the "outdrive" into a new and big-



GROUND PLATE INSTALLATION

ger field, placing it in competition—for public favor—with the conventional fixed-propeller system, in the inboard-type hulls running up to considerable size. The obvious advantage is, of course, that the owner of—say—a 30-foot inboard hull could equip it with a 4-cycle marine engine having tiltable propeller and drive unit which could clear shallows.

* * *

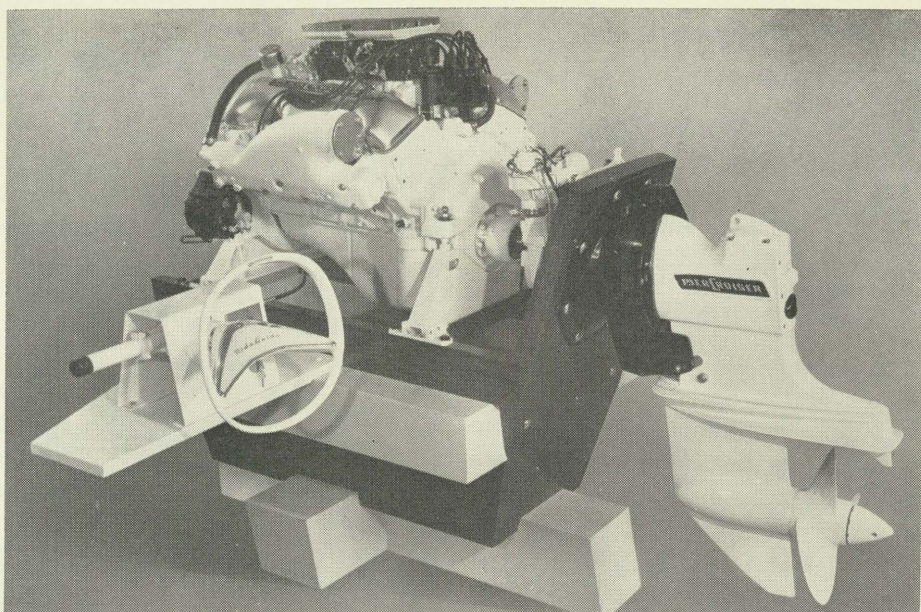
In another development involving “outdrive” units, OMC Boats has disclosed that its “OMC Deluxe 17” (the boat-and-motor package unit described in the February issue of *FLORIDA WILDLIFE*) can be obtained with a direct-fuel-injection engine.

Direct fuel injection is employed in many foreign sports. It involves injecting fuel directly into each cylinder—in this case, the 4-cylinder, two-cycle, 80 h.p. OMC engine. The announcement quotes OMC engineers as reporting that direct fuel injection materially reduces gasoline consumption while providing better acceleration and smoother performance.

The “OMC Utility 17,” the same 3-point hull as the Deluxe but with less opulent equipment and accessories and selling for appreciably less, will have the conventional carburetor engine as standard equipment. Basically, both engines are an inboard-mount adaptation of the V-75 powerhead sold by Johnson and Evinrude in the outboard versions.

* * *

Scott came up with a batch of new developments, including 10



The 310-hp MerCruiser stern drive power package is a four-cycle V-8. A manual crank, or optional electrical mechanism, operates from inside the boat to invert the unit 180 degrees.

boat-and-motor “package” rigs for its various engines. The two most significant were announcements of the “top” package unit combining its 75-h.p. Flying Scott outboard with 14½-ft., 3-point hydroplane runabout; and of introduction of 15-h.p., diesel out-board engine weighing 190 lbs., for heavy-duty use.

The 3-pointer is another of the plush packages for the man who wants “the works” and is willing to pay for it. It’s significant as another indication of a new trend.

Since we’ve not yet had an opportunity to drive this new unit, we’ll pass along some of the descriptive remarks from the press release:

“The boat has a new three-point hull design that provides high performance and extreme stability at all operating speeds . . . a speed of 50

m.p.h. with two people is made possible by the Flying Scott Custom motor and unique engine life allowing the use of a ‘surfacing’ racing type propeller . . . at high speeds, the boat rides on two widely separated sponsons . . . a special feature is a hydraulic device that raises or lowers the motor for maximum thrust efficiency. . . .

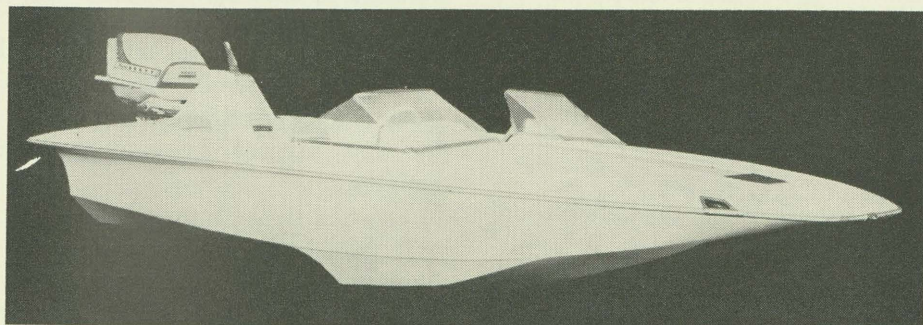
“... a full complement of instruments on sports car dashboard . . . tachometer, speedometer, water pressure indicator, water temperature indicator, fuel level gauge, ammeter, choke, starter, motor-life switch, and light switch . . . both foot throttle and hand throttle . . . front bucket seats, torsion mounted . . . soft ride. . .”

There’s an additional list of luxury features. It’ll sell for around \$3,500.

The Scott diesel engine is designed primarily as a work-horse unit where heavy-load, continuous operation is required—such as in commercial fishing, work and delivery boats, etc. As to its advantages, the release says:

“Fuel consumption of the Scott diesel is about half that of a comparable-size gasoline powered motor, yet under heavy load the thrust

(Continued on next page)



The Flying Scott four-place, 50-m.p.h. hydroplane incorporates several unusual safety features. The new craft is a modified catamaran design providing excellent stability at all speeds.

BOATING

(Continued from preceding page)

is equal to a conventional outboard of twice the horsepower. Scott engineers say the diesel can be operated for about 40 per cent of the operating costs of a 15-h.p. gasoline-powered model."

In Florida, Randolph Hodges, director of the State Board of Conservation, has announced formation of a Florida Boating Council to establish . . . "primarily an education

program to let the boat owners and boat enthusiast know of the necessary requirements for safety and rules of the road." Participating in the council are representatives of the Sheriff's Association, Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, State Board of Conservation, Coast Guard and Governor's Office. A committee was named to draft plans for an educational program.

Action of this type is needed and is long overdue. This reporter would recommend an expansion of its membership, at least in consulting

or advisory capacity, to include spokesmen for manufacturing and dealer segments of the industry, boating organizations and other groups with a primary interest in safety education. The formation of a non-governmental advisory committee, dealing with boating in general, was one of the recommendations in the original draft of Florida's boating law. It was left out of the bill, as eventually adopted, but it still is needed. Not only for safety education, but for guidance in all facets of boating activity. ●

BALANCE WHEEL

(Continued from page 5)

adopted. Tag Day moved to September.

National Recognition

The National Cootiette Club has awarded Mrs. Ruth Wheeler a First Place Citation for outstanding club Coverette (community service) Program.

The Citation was presented by Mrs. Alice Blinn, Past Grand Grayback of Florida, and state president.

When presented with the award, Mrs. Wheeler stated that she was proud of the honor, but more than proud to know that other organizations are recognizing the fact that such a program is being done for our youth of today.

The Sailfish Cootiette Club has donated money toward the South Florida Youth Camp and further donations are planned. The Cootiettes are known for their community services and hospital work for veterans.

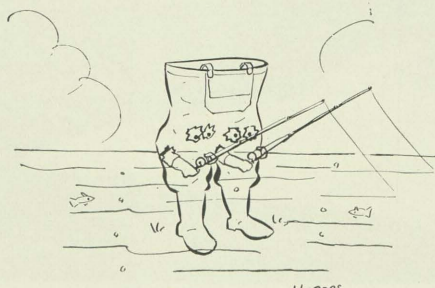
Milage, hours, type of work, and achievements are rated for the awards.

Mrs. Wheeler feels that "if the youth of today is trained and led in the right direction, we will not have need of the Courts and Jails to curb their energies. More than anything else, we are in need of people to understand and guide rather than to judge and condemn. The fault is not with the youth, but of the adults



The National Cootiette Club awarded Mrs. Ruth Wheeler, right, a First Place Citation for outstanding club Coverette Community Service Program. The presentation was made by Mrs. Alice Blinn, state president. Both ladies are members of Sailfish Cootiette Club No. 263, West Palm Beach.

that call themselves parents and loved ones. It is her prayer for the year that more people will open their hearts to the youth and help rather than hinder." Congratulations from all of us! ●



"I sure hope your father won't mind us borrowing his wading boots."

MUZZLE FLASHES

(Continued from page 9)

liked it so well that I purchased two more rifle models chambered for that caliber—meanwhile, however, holding on to my .30-06 rifles.

Through the years, and right up until the time when infirmities made it impossible for him to maintain heavy correspondence, I exchanged many letters with Colonel Whelen. He was ever a friend and advisor, not only in technical phases of gunology, but as contemporary shooter and writer. Along with the late Capt. E. C. Crosman, Colonel Whelen took time to instruct and guide me as a young rifleman, the two being largely responsible for my success in national and international rifle competition back in the 1920's, and my eventual firearms education.

Colonel Whelen, especially, encouraged me to write about guns and my experiences with them. I can thank him, and the inspiration derived from personal and editorial contact with Archibald Rutledge, Nash Buckingham and Dave Newell, for my present firearms writing activity.

If you love guns, you have undoubtedly benefited in some way from Colonel Townsend Whelen's research and technical writings. . . . Truly, we have all lost a friend. ●

FISHING

(Continued from page 7)

two and some of them will start dropping parts.

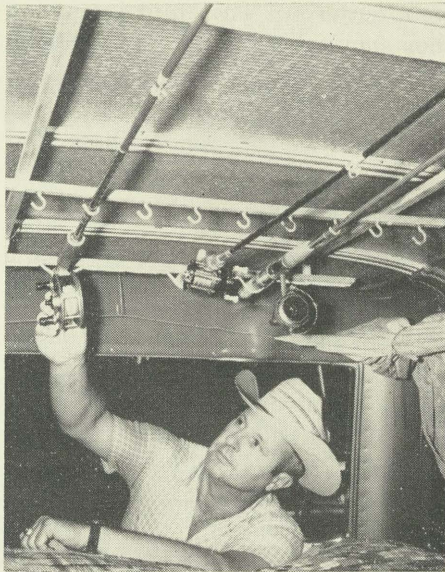
A closed-face reel keeps its aches and pains to itself. If an open reel corrodes or needs oil, you generally notice it. The closed-face reel hides behind its pencil-sharpener exterior and the first sign that something is wrong is most frequently some sort of reel failure.

Fifteen years ago there were some closed-face reels built so badly their life expectancy was approximately 100 casts.

Having a closed face makes a reel neither good nor bad. There are some bad white horses and some very good white horses.

Rod Rak

Last year I told of the Rod Rak, a gadget that is attached to the roof of an automobile to support fishing rods and keep them out of the way. Since then, I've used one in a carry-



The Rod-Rak works perfect and can be installed in any model station wagon.

all and found it highly satisfactory (see picture). Only disadvantage is that some flyrods are too long for some automobiles and that isn't the fault of Horne Industries, Box 22005, Fort Lauderdale, who make the handy gizmo. ●

NATIONAL WILDLIFE WEEK

(Continued from page 11)

expensive drainage program and then bearing additional costs to subsidize and store the crops it produces. Why not expend such funds to produce waterfowl, a crop already in short supply and in great demand?

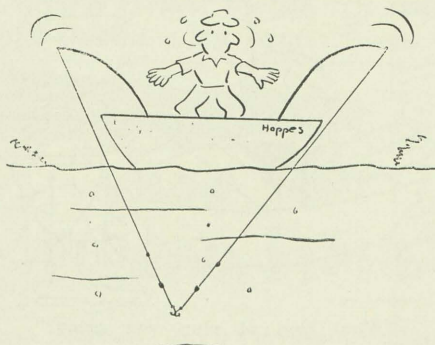
Wetland Benefits to Man and Wildlife

There can be no life without WATER. Despite this well-understood fact, the plundering and dissipation of wetland areas continues with direct or indirect detrimental effects upon water resources.

Because they are generally considered worthless from the economic point of view, wetlands are being drained without consideration for their values as water retention basins to curb flooding conditions on lower portions of watersheds. And, it is impossible to fully evaluate damages to surrounding areas through the loss of a stabilizing effect on water supplies, both surface

and underground—a factor which may be of increasing importance as the expanding human population exerts more and more demands on a limited water resource. Furbearers and other forms of wildlife also are dependent upon wetlands.

Drainage of natural wetland areas should be attempted only when known benefits will result. Many farmers have drained wetland areas at considerable cost only to find the soil unsuited for agricultural production. Others have lost considerable sums through promotional schemes involving drainage of low-cost marshes for impractical residential or industrial sites. ●



CLUBS & CONSERVATION

(Continued from page 4)

many trampling feet or too many automobiles would damage the habitat."

Undoubtedly justifiable in the eyes of most conservationists, the proposal points again to the fact that it is possible to damage parts of the outdoors by "just looking." Even the "looking areas" can be crowded.

Says Buchheister, "A certain number of citizens make special recreational use of the refuges because the refuges make wild animals accessible, available and visible. It seems only fair that these citizens make an extra contribution to the establishment and maintenance of the refuge system."

In short, the proposal, would charge the "watcher" for indulging in his recreation the same as license fees and wildfowl stamps charge the hunter for his shooting and the fisherman for his angling. It would be, said some Florida conservationists, another necessary movement in the trend toward paid hunting and fishing.

Sports fishermen would be charged the fee for fishing on refuge areas.

Diets For Sportsmen

A recent issue of The American Rifleman carries an article by Dr. Murdock Head, who gently takes middle-aged hunters to task for their attitudes toward food and drink.

The physical explains that older sportsmen who expect to spend long periods in active hunting pursuits should take stock of their physical condition and especially their weight. He also points out the fact that a between-meals snack of candy might well provide needed energy as well as reducing the demand for heavy food intake.

Dr. Head, who is a frequent contributor to the Rifleman, also cautions the once-a-year hunter against over-indulgence in alcoholic beverages while enjoying the conviviality of the hunting camp. ●

INVISIBLE FISHERMAN

(Continued from Page 15)

came along to flare when they spotted the boat. A hundred yards up the stream they were back in line again.

The fish had pretty well turned off. It was the best time of day but about the only things that showed interest in Budd's Bug were a few undersized gars who snapped and slashed, showing plainly they were not bass.

"It was like this the other day,"

Bob muttered. "They quit just when they should be starting. That danged barometer probably started down again."

He hooked one more bass and landed it. I suggested we make a picture of some of the fish.

"Sure didn't think you'd be taking a picture of a little string like this today," Bob commented. "I shouldn't have lost those big ones."

We went back to Nelson's over the glassy Oklawaha and looking down into the mirrored water it seemed we were standing still and only the

reflected pink clouds were moving slightly.

But when we got back to the ramp, it sprinkled a little. The poor weatherman was giving us a little of everything.

"Boy, I'm tired!" Bob said as he fastened down the boat. He stopped and looked at me closely in the dusk.

"You wouldn't be interested in coming over here again tomorrow, would you?" he asked hopefully. "You could even fish part of the time." ●

BOATING ADVENTURE

(Continued from Page 25)

dle wheelers used the St. Johns as a main artery of commerce. In fact, the old timers used to discharge and pick up passengers at this place, where many Southern balls were held.

The owner of the mansion is buried in the front yard, as per his request, and the estate is still maintained in all its floral beauty.

The next morning we entered into the third and final day of the run towards the river's beginning. The trip across big Lake George was uneventful. This is a lot of water, and it is wide enough that when you enter at marker 73 it looks as if you're heading into the Atlantic Ocean.

Before leaving Lake George, however, there was one more side jaunt we wanted to make.

Just as we reached red marker "2" (Chart 687), we cut hard to starboard and headed towards a small inlet that leads into Salt Springs. Clark pulled "Corky II" up short and anchored, because there was little room for the cruiser to negotiate the small channel leading into Salt Springs. We decided to go on in with the "Bettye Jo."

This warm boil of clear water is one of thousands of such springs that bubble up from Mother Earth in Florida, and its mineral qualities attract swimmers in large numbers throughout the year.

Salt Springs (named because the

minerals in the water give it a salty taste) is also one of Florida's best spots for famous blue stone crabs. We pulled up at the dock at Carroll's fish camp, and there the old timer who runs the place (in addition to serving as a deputy game warden in Ocala National Forest) showed us a box full of the delicacies.

We didn't tarry too long at the springs, because we wanted to get to Sanford before dark, and it was still a good run through big Lake George and the upper reaches of the river.

The St. Johns narrowed even more as we left Lake George and began another beautiful, winding trip towards Sanford. This section of the river is dotted with fishing camps, and the scenic qualities of the shore line were as beautiful as the narrows of Dunn's Creek, Cross Creek, and the Oklawaha.

We encountered another swing bridge at Astor, a small but popular

fishing village on the river about five miles upstream from Lake George, and still another swing bridge at Beacon 116 (Chart 688).

We left the St. Johns' small girth at this point and entered Lake Monroe. A quick run across the lake brought us into the municipal pier at Sanford.

This, in essence, was the end of the trip. You could move a little farther south up river, but the St. Johns begins to meander into marshes and tributaries as it reaches its headwater in Lake Hell 'n Blazes, the birthplace of the mighty stream. There is no way to get to the intracoastal waterway from Sanford, so we replenished supplies on "Corky II" and prepared for the 156-mile return to Jacksonville.

The trip back took us the entire next day, but there were no stops and we got back to Goodby's Lake in good time.

This was really a fascinating excursion. The St. Johns is certainly a river of diversity, both in the scenic beauty along the banks, and in the change in the stream itself from a twisting creek-like size to the mammoth artery that nurses streamers, aircraft carriers, cruisers, and battleships to the Atlantic Ocean.

Try it sometime. It'll take between three and five days, but you'll find every mile of the journey well worth the time and effort. And besides, you can be one of the few who can tell the grandchildren about going "down north" and "up south!" ●



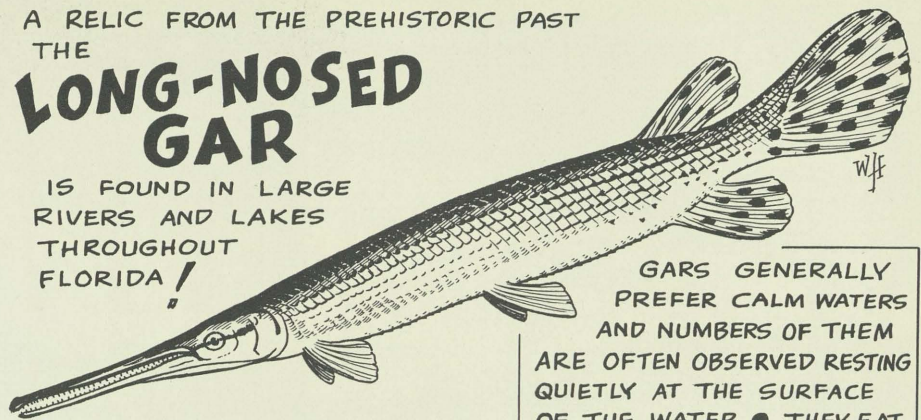
"What kind of plug you using?"

FLORIDA

A RELIC FROM THE PREHISTORIC PAST
THE

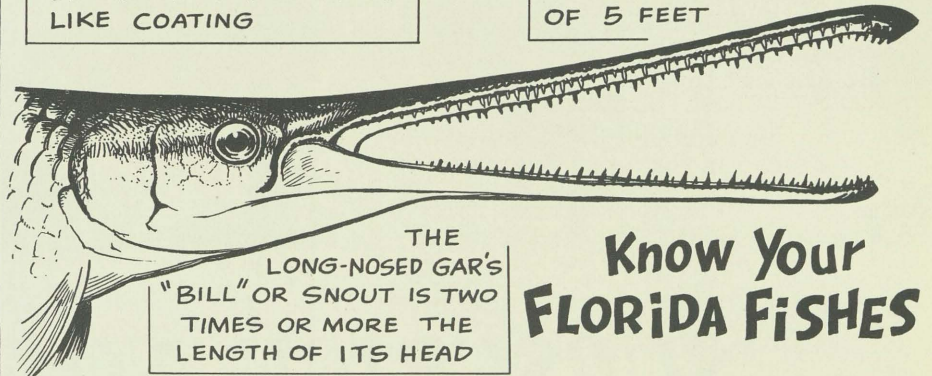
LONG-NOSED GAR

IS FOUND IN LARGE
RIVERS AND LAKES
THROUGHOUT
FLORIDA!



SCALES OF THE GAR ARE
BONE HARD AND DIAMOND
SHAPED WITH AN ENAMEL
LIKE COATING

GARS GENERALLY
PREFER CALM WATERS
AND NUMBERS OF THEM
ARE OFTEN OBSERVED RESTING
QUIETLY AT THE SURFACE
OF THE WATER • THEY EAT
SMALL FISHES, LARVAE OF
INSECTS AND CRAYFISH •
GROW TO LENGTH
OF 5 FEET



THE
LONG-NOSED GAR'S
"BILL" OR SNOUT IS TWO
TIMES OR MORE THE
LENGTH OF ITS HEAD

Know Your
FLORIDA FISHES

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

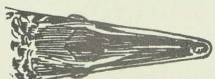
CLOTHED IN SCALY ARMOR AND POSSESSED
WITH A VORACIOUS APPETITE
FOR SMALL
FISH THE

FLORIDA GAR

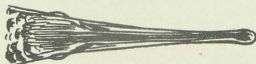
IS AN UNPOPULAR
INHABITANT OF
FLORIDA'S
FRESH
WATERS



FLORIDA GAR
SNOUT: SHORT AND BROAD

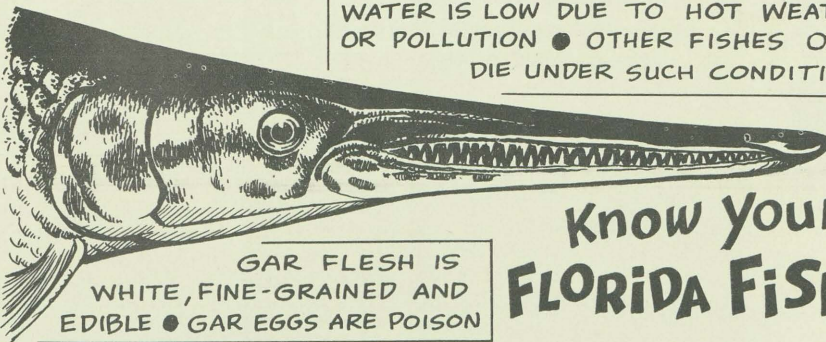


LENGTH TO
3 FEET



LONG-NOSED GAR
SNOUT: LONG AND NARROW

MOST ABUNDANT FLORIDA GAR • GARS
HAVE A LUNG-LIKE SWIM BLADDER
THAT AIDS THE GILLS IN THE ABSORPTION
OF OXYGEN WHEN THE SUPPLY IN THE
WATER IS LOW DUE TO HOT WEATHER
OR POLLUTION • OTHER FISHES OFTEN
DIE UNDER SUCH CONDITIONS



GAR FLESH IS
WHITE, FINE-GRAINED AND
EDIBLE • GAR EGGS ARE POISON

Know Your
FLORIDA FISHES

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

WILDLIFE SCRAPBOOK



February and March is Shad Fishing time in Florida — Alabama Shad, found in rivers and streams of Northwest Florida — Photo By Wallace Hughes.

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